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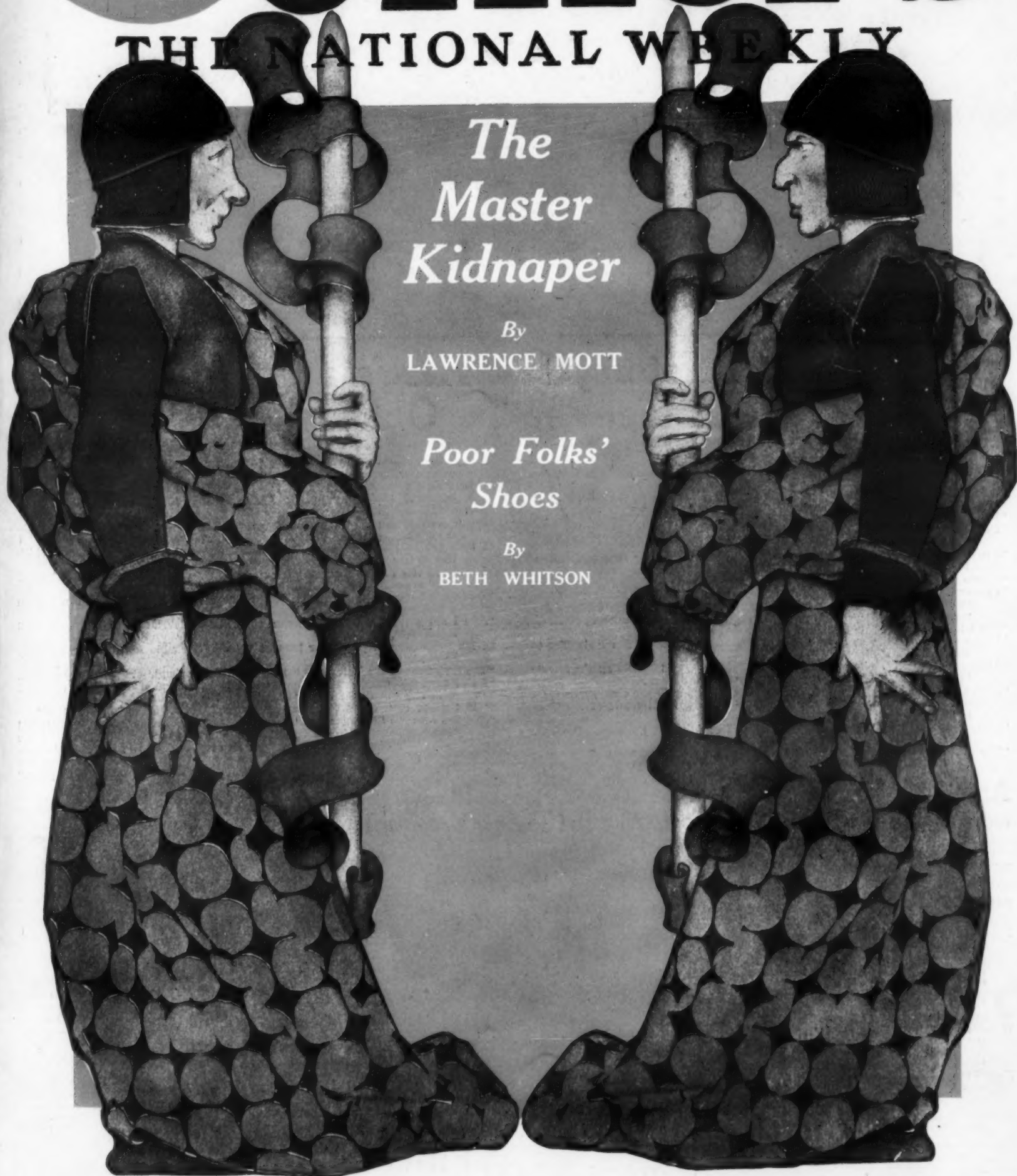
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Master Kidnaper

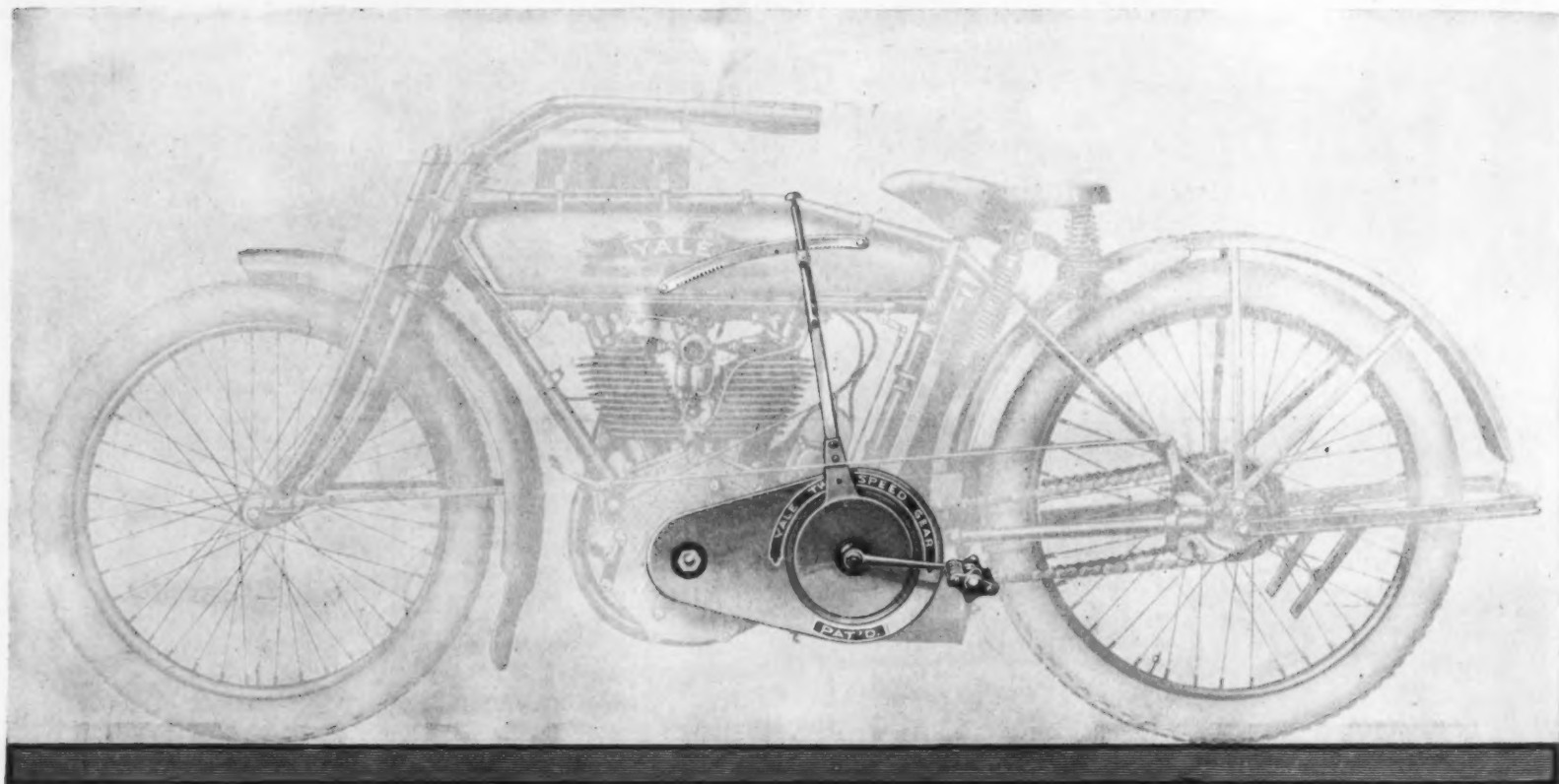
By
LAWRENCE MOTT

Poor Folks' Shoes

By
BETH WHITSON



THE NEW TWO-SPEED YALE



Forget the Old Motorcycle—Here's a New Kind That Consigns It To Oblivion

(This advertisement was written by Geo. W. Reinbold, the Yale dealer in Philadelphia, after a three days' demonstration of the new two-speed Yale at the factory in Toledo, Ohio.)

"I have been riding and selling motorcycles for ten years.
 "I know the records and the performances of every motorcycle made in America.
 "I know the Yale better than I know myself.
 "But I never thought that I would live to see *any* motorcycle do the things which this new two-speed Yale will do.
 "I came to the factory doubting. I am going away *bewildered*.
 "I could not believe that the things which the management had written me about this new Yale could be *literally* true.
 "I never thought that I would see a motorcycle climb a hill so nearly perpendicular that the rider looked as though he would *fall off backward*.
 "I have seen the new Yale *do this thing* over and over again.
 "I never thought that I would see a motorcycle rider with one hand resting lightly on the handle bar and the other guiding the gear lever, with a single forward movement, sweep up a 50 per cent. grade from a standing start.
 "But I have seen the Yale do this thing *over and over again*.
 "I have seen the Yale ride down a declivity so steep that it made me shudder to watch the descent.
 "And again I saw that the man who rode it laid *one hand lightly on the handle bar and easily handled the gear lever with the other*.
 "I have seen the Yale with side car attached climb up a 50 per cent. grade from a standing start, carrying as passenger (one of the directors of the Company,) a man weighing 245 pounds.
 "I wanted to tell him not to do it—and before I could frame the words, the Yale and its side car stood beside me at the top of the hill.
 "The smiling passenger stepped out and said: 'More comfortable than a motor car.'

"I have seen the Yale taken down town into the crowded streets of the City of Toledo, where traffic is the thickest.
 "I have seen it start and stop and slow down and come almost to a stand-still time and time again *without stalling the engine*.
 "And after I had seen all of these things, *I went out and did them myself*.
 "I rode up and down the sharpest, steepest hill in the City of Toledo with nothing but slippery grass to give traction to the wheels.
 "I took out the side car and repeated with a passenger the performance which had so filled me with amazement the day before.
 "I attached the Yale to a touring car carrying six passengers—a total weight of 4,753 pounds—and pulled it away with ease.
 "I have gone up hills which the most powerful motor cars could not even negotiate.
 "And I am still filled with astonishment at the achievements of this wonderful motorcycle.
 "I am astonished in particular because these remarkable results are so simply secured.
 "The designers of the Yale have merely applied the simple old planetary system.
 "I had seen two-speed gears before—but I had never seen one which operated with one *simple* hand lever situated on the left side of the tank.
 "I had never seen one which was an integral part of the motorcycle itself.
 "And if I cannot sell every man to whom I can give a demonstration, I shall feel that I am unfitted for the motorcycle business, because I believe that the motorcycle has jumped ahead ten years by the incorporation of this two-speed principle in the Yale; and the greatest marvel of it all is that the Yale rider gets all of these advantages without any increase in the price."

And this enthusiastic description of Mr. Reinbold of what the new two-speed Yale *does* actually falls short of doing *justice* to the new Yale and its wonderful two-speed gear.

Simplicity of Two-Speed Yale

This remarkable gear, which it has taken three years to perfect, is of the simple planetary type, with gears always in mesh, so that there is *no possibility of stripping them* when changing gears.

On high gear a big multiple disc clutch with large spring steel discs is engaged, the whole gear revolving as part of the countershaft. The drive, therefore, is *direct on high*.

When the hand lever is moved through "neutral" it disengages this clutch and as the lever reaches the low gear position a husky band clutch is engaged which brings the gears into play and gives a low driving ratio that *delivers enormous power at the rear wheel*.

Control is absurdly simple. A hand lever on the left side of the tank, held in position by a quadrant, actuates gears and releases or engages clutch.

With this lever in the rear position, drive is on low gear. Moving it to the middle of the quadrant brings you into "neutral," where the engine runs free. Pushing the lever forward high gear is engaged.

No need to worry about disengaging gears—just push the lever from one position to the other.

One Demonstration Convinces

One single demonstration will convince you of the *simplicity* and *practicability* of the new two-speed Yale—we're sure of that.



Yale rider taking with ease, from a standing start, a fifty per cent. grade in Central Grove Park, Toledo, Ohio.

And when you see the Yale just *keep in mind*—

That here is a motorcycle with a two-speed gear *built into* all models, at the *regular prices*—not an attachment that costs *extra*.

That its two-speed gear is located on the countershaft—perfect balance and least wear resulting.

That it is the *only* two-speed gear with *simple one-hand control*.

Those facts are important—*vital* important; for the Yale's two-speed gear is patented, and the Yale's two-speed qualities are exclusive and peculiar to the Yale.

Send Coupon Now

Don't delay in sending the coupon below for full details of the revolutionary new two-speed Yale.

For this new Yale solves the side-car problem and the delivery-van problem, as well as giving motorcyclists the most *efficient* and *capable* machine ever built.

We will also tell you of the numerous minor improvements which have been made in frame and motor.

The New Yale is the only motorcycle with two-speed gear *built into* all models both Singles and Twins and without additional charge. It has the *only* motorcycle two-speed gear with *one-hand-one-motion* control. Two-speed gear located on countershaft, the one logical position. New Yale Single, \$235, f. o. b. Toledo.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co.,
1701 Fernwood Ave.,
Toledo, Ohio

Send without cost or obligation to me full details of the new two-speed Yale.

(Write name and address plainly on margin below)

Two-Speed \$285
YALE TWIN

f. o. b. Toledo

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1701 Fernwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers also of Yale and Snell Bicycles, Hussey Handlebars, Steel Tubing, Bent Parts, Drop Forgings.

Pacific Coast Representative,

The Yale-California Co., 511-12 L. A. Investment Bldg., Los Angeles



Over 1,000,000 in Use

Today there are more than a million Stewart Speedometers in service—as many as the total number of automobiles six months ago. Since that time probably 225,000 automobiles and motorcycles have been sold. 200,000 of these have been equipped with Stewarts.

Stewart Speedometer

MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE

Six months ago there were over 800,000 Stewart Speedometers in service. At that time there were not more than a million automobiles in operation—a few of which did not carry speedometers. This left but a scant 200,000 cars that were equipped with speedometers of all other makes put together. The preference for the Stewart showed in the ratio of four to one.

Automobile manufacturers and individual owners have expressed themselves in favor of the Stewart more forcibly in the last six months than ever before. They are now used to the practical exclusion of all other makes.

The demand for the Stewart Speedometer is growing faster in

proportion than the demand for motor cars.

Here, then, is absolute triumph for the *magnetic speedometer*. Here is complete victory after more than seven years. We have known from the start that a speedometer built on the magnetic principle was simpler, more practical, more durable, more accurate. We have known that only a speedometer built on this principle could be perfectly accurate under all weather conditions and for life. Nothing else could endure.

So we have stubbornly refused to switch to any other manner of construction—as so many others did. At the beginning the public was skeptical. But Stewart service soon told its tale. Then

people who were speedometer wise began to demand the *magnetic type*. Month by month and year by year this demand has increased and become more and more insistent, until today it has completely eclipsed the demand for every other type of speed-and-mileage-indicating instrument made!

Stewart popularity is healthy and sane—well based on a growing public knowledge of what a speedometer ought to be and do. When a million people endorse one thing, that thing is safest and best to bank your faith on.

It will pay you to have a Stewart Speedometer (*magnetic type*) on your car—whether it's an old car, a new car or a car to come.

Stewart Speedometer Factory, 1868 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation.

The world's largest manufacturers of speedometers for automobiles, motorcycles, electrics, trucks, motor boats, aeroplanes, and cream separators.



Copyright, 1913. The House of Kuppenheimer

"Class A" men are often rated "Class B"—because their clothes misrepresent them; often enough, at least, to make it worth any man's while to consult a full length mirror.

Naturally you want to look your level best—to carry the impress of a man worth while.

We do not say that Kuppenheimer Clothes make a man genuine in character and thought—but we do say that being genuine in character and thought makes a man prefer Kuppenheimer Clothes.

There is only one extreme about the clothes we make—their extreme good quality.

You can see them at the stores of the better clothiers throughout the United States and Canada.
Our book, *Styles for Men*, sent upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Volume 52 Number 7

November 1, 1913

A California "Stateslady"

An Everyday American of To-morrow

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

"I AM—not—a lady!" declared Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson of Los Angeles with pauses of emphasis. "I am a—"

But her husband interrupted.

"No," he laughed proudly, "she is a good fellow!"

"Exactly! And some hard fighter besides, believe me," concurred a legislator whom she had worsted in committee combat.

A gypsy fire of spirit and humor flashed from the woman's eyes as she frowned these other mere males out of the room in order to give the interviewer her undivided attention.

Since she did not deny that she was a politician, and since she had been pointed out to me in Sacramento while the Legislature was in session as the most successful and adroit of California woman lobbyists, her opening declaration rather spiced the prospect than otherwise.

The door closed and Mrs. Edson sat down before me, alert, vivacious, agreeable, and a trifle nervous, because she was to be asked about herself instead of about her work. Looking her over curiously, one noted a dark skin, a broad brow, beautiful raven hair parted uncompromisingly in the center, dark piercing eyes, a nose that was strong and might have been aquiline but for a Dutch fullness, and lips that were straight and determined, but rippled easily into smiles, disclosing reefs of coral whiteness of teeth. The total physical impression was that of a thoroughbred—groomed, courageous, ready!

The Sphere and the Woman

AND this was the woman who was the official organizer for the Political Equality Club of Los Angeles, which played so conspicuous a part in the suffrage campaign of 1909 and 1910; the woman who log-rolled a suffrage indorsement through the first conference of that Lincoln-Roosevelt League, which later swept the State and gained control of the machinery of the Republican party; who hung upon the flank of the first Progressive Legislature till it drafted a suffrage amendment; who stumped the State in an automobile in behalf of that amendment; who lobbied the Minimum Wage Bill and the Health Marriage Certificate Bill, and the amendment to the Woman's Eight-Hour Law through the last Legislature; who is to-day a working member of the State Labor Commission, leaving her comfortable home to trail through the dust of box factories and the sick-sweet atmosphere of canneries, and every other sort of place where women work and minors are employed, trapping offenders with a woman's shrewdness, protecting the weak with a woman's sympathy, and coming home utterly worn out at night to shed a few womanly tears upon a husband's shoulder—the woman of whom one of her friends said to me:

"There is no task too unpleasant, too uncom-

or too menial for her to perform if at the other end of it lies some good goal for the cause of women—especially of women who work."

It was all easy to believe. Sense, sympathy, strength, and a capacity for adventure seemed the

look upon; there was something striking and romantic in her appearance.

The notion of a gypsy fire in her eyes was given up in favor of a theory that her veins carried a paprika dash of the blood of Pocahontas. There was even a bizarre Indian taste about her dress.

Her throat was encircled by a heavy chain, almost a collar, of huge silver beads and bangles, pendent from which, by silver cat's claws, were three large rare arrowheads of magnificent black obsidian, the very finest I had ever seen. Upon her arms were broad bands of barbaric silver that matched the neck piece. Her whole bearing suggested a wild, free woman of uncorseted spirit, whom social conventions could never hoop skirt nor hobble, and the directness of whose speech precluded the possibility that she could ever at any time refer to a spade as an agricultural implement.

That Indian look still piquing curiosity, and the cordial spirit of the good fellow to which her husband had referred charging the air with a delightful sense of camaraderie, I seemed to feel no hesitancy in asking her a rather impertinent question.

"No," she laughed heartily, "I have no Indian blood in my veins. My ancestry, however, is badly scrambled—Welsh, Irish, Dutch, and Huguenot. My forbears were some of them officers in the Revolutionary War and that of 1812, and, alas, also in the 'Whisky Rebellion'—in other words, original moonshiners—but none of them were Indian. The nearest to the aborigines that the ancestral line runs is when my grandfather was an Indian trader in Ohio."

Politics Did Not Exclude Love

DROPPING this phase of inquisition with the mental observation that there must be one branch of Mrs. Edson's family tree upon which she has never looked, I darted in among her words and held up in triumph the single one—Ohio! That at least was a significant clue for something. Where better should a stateswoman be bred than in Ohio? This scent was found to lie well, too. Her father was a member of the Ohio

Constitutional Convention of 1873. Among the particular measures for which he stood were woman suffrage and a health-certificate marriage.

And we think that we are progressive when we advocate those measures to-day!

Dr. William Hunter Philips was a real progressive, and his daughter Katharine to-day only trails her father's footsteps and acknowledges the promptings of his wise spirit.

Besides politics was the breath of Kate Philips's girlhood! Sherman, Foraker, Hanna, McKinley, Grosvenor, and others used to gather upon her uncle's porch to talk and plot the policies and programs of



Politician, campaigner, lobbyist in the causes of the woman who works, and stateswoman

prominent outcroppings of her character. She was never quite still, leaning forward or back, frowning or smiling, curling in a corner of the divan or suddenly standing erect before me to declare with broad, sweeping gestures and much earnestness:

"We women of California feel our responsibility greatly!"

But just then I was not caring much about the women of California, being caught by the spell of this one woman. She was not merely wholesome to

that earlier political hour, paying no attention whatever to the girl in short dresses who brought them pitchers of cider or cool water from the well and then forgot to go away, but sat about, gazing and dreaming amid clouds of tobacco smoke and the hum of words that charmed her imagination and fed her spirit without greatly informing her intellect.

But the girl's surface bent was all for the artistic. She grew into a rarely beautiful woman, and had a promising voice. Kate Phillips could sing like the nightingale. And she could love! How she could love! And did, falling head over heels into that effervescent ecstasy with the handsome and enthusiastic Charles Farwell Edson. He, too, had rare vocal gifts. They were married. They were to become great singers, to star in grand opera; Europe and America were to bow before their talents, the very stars to rattle with the plauditory tributes to their combined genius. But there is a fate!

South of the Mojave Desert in California is a beautiful but inaccessible and rather dry basin in the mountains called Antelope Valley. It is thirty miles from a railroad and thirty millions from grand opera. There the young people went for a short stay to make profit of a ranch which had fallen to their hands. Theoretically, that ranch was the way to Berlin and Florence. Actually it was the impassable barrier. It kept them nine years. The future De Reszke held the plow and rode the range, roped steers and branded calves, or nursed trickling streams in muddy irrigation ditches. The Schumann-Helk milked and washed and churned and cooked for fifteen men till dreams of spot-light glories were forever dimmed. But light of another sort came over the range. Some chance took Mrs. Edson, who could ride like a Cossack and rope a calf or hold the branding iron, to Los Angeles and to a special session of the Friday Morning Club, which, by the way, is one of the great woman's clubs of America. It stands for culture and for character. Through two days the young woman from Antelope Valley, with the tan of many suns upon her face, sat staring, eyes, ears, pores wide open, drinking in a whole new world of possibilities that correlated with something away back in her life, deeper down than the grand-opera ambition, farther off than childhood even, something that waked the passion of the Huguenot, the conscience of the Welsh Presbyterian and the practical tenacity of the Dutch ancestry, and stirred the woman soul of her into deeps the existence of which she had not hitherto suspected.

When the meeting was over she closed her eyes ecstatically, drew one long breath, and thereafter set her face back into the mountains. As soon as arrangements could be made, something happened in Antelope Valley which had never happened before. "A Female Round-up," the men called it. No one knew the valley had so many women. They gathered from forty miles round, some in buckboards, some on horses, some on burros, some even on foot; but they came! And they heard women—their own kind of women in part—who got right up in meeting and talked themselves out upon subjects concerning which it was not supposed in Antelope Valley women could have even a thought.

Catching Her Vision

NOR was the institute lacking in practical values. These indeed predominated. Such talks were accompanied by demonstrations, right there upon the platform, on all sorts of rancher's wife problems—everything, it seems now as the mind looks back, from how to set a hen or teach a calf to drink to why and how bread should be kneaded, with some new and astonishingly helpful information about the chemistry of foods.

That Antelope Valley institute is the woman. It was Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson waking up, catching her vision, and feeling the first thrill of achievement. It is characteristic of everything she has done since. It was for her neighbors, helping them as she had herself been helped. Go back in thought to the most neighborly woman of all your childhood acquaintance, and that is Mrs. Edson—asking the ballot, seeking new laws, enforcing old ones, not for the sake of a theory, not because of restlessness or busy-bodiness, but as a mere matter of neighborliness and motherliness to the folk under stress in a state-wide community, exactly as her own mother might have gone to the sick or impoverished or overborne in the then little Ohio town of Kenton.

Still another light broke into the mountain valley with the suffrage campaign of 1896. Mrs. Edson could not go into that campaign, being domestically en-

gaged—that is, expecting presently to make that finest contribution of a woman to the life of her times, a well-bred child. But her husband was himself a suffrage zealot. He left the saddle and the plow to take the stump in behalf of the ballot for the woman. It is a matter of history that the cause was a lost one, but for that day only. However, the outside world was calling the Edsons. It had need of them, and in 1899 they came to Los Angeles, he to build a large place for himself in the artistic world of that music-loving city, and she to fall most naturally into politics by way of her great instinct for neighborliness. Mrs. Edson was soon a member of the Friday Morning Club and presently chairman of its Committee on Municipal Problems, which supplied the program one morning in each month. The club mem-

a fad of a sex whose whims were to be indulged good-humoredly by the kings of the race. How this maddened Mrs. Edson! And how it maddened a good many other women! Indeed it is just possible that this early lobbying experience in Los Angeles hastened the day of universal suffrage in California.

In the first place it made a considerable group of women want the ballot with the very worst want with which they had ever wanted anything in their lives. In the second, it opened their eyes to a lot of things in government that men never will be able to do right, just because they are men, and that women will do right from first intention, just simply because they are women. So long as society was bisexual, these women became convinced the electorate must be bisexual also.

The autumn of 1900 saw the great fight for suffrage on over the State, and the women found themselves taking to politics as naturally as ducklings to the pond. In vain for legislators to dodge or dissemble. The women went through their political

pockets with the skill of long practice, and knew whose cards each candidate was carrying. In consequence some men were elected to the

Legislature because they were for suffrage, and some were embarked for the creek that is salt because they were not.

The election over and a majority of the legislators committed to suffrage, the women of Los Angeles, knowing that men are weak creatures, decided to stiffen up backbones by a demonstration in power.

This took the form of an elaborate banquet at a fashionable hotel to the southern California legislative delegation—long tables, snowy linen, sparkling glass and silver, banked-up flowers, and courses multiplied to a cost of \$5 per plate. In part this was a compliment to the legislators, and in part it was to demonstrate that the suffragettes were not a flock of fuss budgets but women of circumstance and consequence.

Nor did the women propose to take leave of their legislators at the banquet board. In considerable numbers from all over the State the suffragists moved upon Sacramento. The capital city was all a-flutter, all a-cackle. The one big purpose of these women was to see that the Legislature proposed to the people an equal-suffrage amendment to the State Constitution. This lobbying for the suffrage amendment was a great and informing experience for many women, and notably for Mrs. Edson. It was her first contact at close quarters with a full line of State lawmakers. Some of the worst types made her shudder—men whose legislative experience had been gained as mixers of drinks in water-front saloons, or even as panders to low human passions, the type a few of whom stray into the legislative rosters of most of our larger States; men the grip of whose hands was like the feel of a toad, and whose reputation was such that no right-minded woman could look upon them without aversion.

She Burned the Sullied Gloves

BUT these men had votes. Mrs. Edson must sue for them. They had power to kill or to make alive, so far as suffrage was concerned; and so, since for the sake of milk and babies, for the sake of women who work, of innocent brides and happy, healthful wedlock, for the sake of the sex and for the sake of the State, women must have the ballot, why, therefore, she would meet these men, would gaze into stupid, shifty eyes, and try to conjure arguments that would influence low and gross conceptions of womanhood.

How hard she found it may be inferred when we learn that after the first set of these interviews she hurried to her hotel with arms held out rather stiffly until in the privacy of her room, and using curling irons for tongs, she had stripped the new gloves from her hands and dropped them into the fire.

But later Mrs. Edson overcame some of this aversion, and learned to find in these rough men a better vein than she had thought was there, and sometimes more genuine respect for womankind than lived behind the starched conventions of a supposedly better breed of man—learned indeed, what every politician must, that there is often a way to make a bad man do better than he had intended, and that in most legislative hearts is a good spot that may be greatly enlarged by cultivation.

As a lobbyist, Mrs. Edson sensed rapidly. She went to no extremes, but became a good mixer. She pleaded no petticoat privileges or immunities, she smoked no cigars, guzzled no cocktails, and slapped no backs, but met men as one intelligence meeting other intelligence. By sheer efficiency, (Continued on page 29)



Primarily she is just an American wife and mother, devoted to her home

bers were astonished to observe how deadly serious these programs became. All at once the club was at close grips with all sorts of practical problems of the municipality. One was milk. The Health Department was the place of attack. But attack yielded no results. The women encountered a relic of our hoary system of checks and balances. The man who had all the responsibility carried none of the authority. A Charter Revision Committee happened to be in session. This committee was presently surprised to find itself being bullied and man-handled by a woman, a perfectly gracious and tactful and womanly woman, to be sure, but withal a most pertinacious woman who knew exactly what she wanted and why. And she got it. The Health Department was built over by that new charter.

But the milk situation for years refused to unclabber. A referendum election was finally fought out over milk, and Mrs. Edson's side lost by 4,000 votes. Now her milk was not merely clabbered; it was turned to whey. And how it hurt—that defeat! It was just too perfectly terrible for anything. Mrs. Edson has been beaten several times since that, and has learned how to take a political licking just like a man. But that first one—ugh! And she might have won, too, if only Mr. Earl had not remembered his Christian Science and caused his newspaper, the "Tribune," to talk as if there were no such thing as tuberculosis in the constitution of a cow.

Not a Flock of Fuss Budgets

BUT the most important lesson of that early lobby before the Charter Revision Committee lay not in the result but in the experience itself, the way the men treated her! Nicely, courteously, deferentially, of course, but as a suppliant, as a petitioner, and not as a sovereign. It seemed to her incompatible with the dignity of womankind, this permission to exist upon sufferance, to hold political opinions merely as

The Master Kidnaper

"DURN, damn, an' blazes!"

Skipper Peleg Howard twisted himself round in his chair.

"Ain't it punk t' lie here in Bosting Harbor doin' nothin'?"

Chief Thad looked at him quizzically.

"What's wrong, Peleg?"

"Wrong? Ye know durned well what's wrong! I'm sick an' tired o' lyin' here! Oh, fer a job on th' wide, wide sea!"

"Look-y here, Peleg," the lanky engineer said tersely, "cut yer ravin' 'bout havin' t' lie in Boston Harbor! We made good on th' gums into Hongkong; we made good on th' opium racket; we've made good all down th' line, and we've made real money! Fer Heaven's sake, stop yer eternal grumblin'!"

"Made money? Yes, we've 'made' money all right, but yer darned bulgines eats—that's what I said: 'eats'!—it as fast as I kin make it!" Skipper Peleg Howard hove away the stub of his cigar. "Hub, I'd hate t' have t' pay fur th' money we lose, a-settin' 'round doin' nothin'."

Thad Bronson's eyes narrowed, and his voice was acrid.

"Ye might have took th' load t' St. John's, an'—"

"Oh, hell! A load o' coal at nothin' per ton—or near on t' it!"

PELEG was angry, and when the skipper of the *Aaron* was angry all hands stood clear.

"Getting crusty won't help, Peleg. An' afore ye goes anywhar I needs 'bout three hundred and fifty ton!"

"That's it! Did'n I tell ye? Nothin' but coal—coal—coal!"

"Nothin' but steam—steam—steam! An' all th' time, day an' night! Fust yer runnin' guns, next yer smugglin' Chinks an' dope, an' then ye swear at me 'cause I gotta burn th' stuff t' do it! Say, Peleg, ye make me sick, an' fer two cents an' a half I'd quit!"

The chief stepped to the rail, expectorated vigorously, blew his nose, and coughed.

Boston Harbor was shrouded in a dim fog that hazed everything.

"T" Wharf stuck itself aggressively from the shore, and the schooners' spars that were warped alongside were as indistinct fingers of wood, all swaying to and fro as the swells of passing steamers created waves.

The *Aaron* swung lazily at her anchor, rust-begrimed and weather-stained.

The clang of a trolley car, the rattle of trucks pounding over the cobblestones, and—far away—the screech of a liner's siren, were the only sounds that broke the silence of a hot June evening. Skipper Peleg Howard looked at his chief engineer.

"Quit? Ye old lobsconse, ye'd no more quit than I'd shoot m'self! W'uld ye?"

"No-o! Guess ye're right, Peleg; but ye sure do stir my b'ilers sometimes."

Thad Bronson pulled a pipe from his oily overalls and lighted its juicy contents.

"But"—puff, puff—"but, Peleg, we hain't got"—puff, puff—"no cause t' gamble. Ye see, we—"

"*Aaron*? Say, wake up on that pie-eyed old junk! Is that the *Aaron*?"—the question shot up through the gloom.

"Ye son-of-a-crab!" Peleg bellowed at the wee messenger who stood in the stern of a dory, "what d'ye want?"

"I'm looking for Captain Peleg Howard," piped the youngster.

"I'm it!"

"I'd be ashamed of owning up to it, if I were you! Here's a letter."

Peleg took the envelope, and the chief looked over his shoulder as he read:

If your vessel is open for a charter I would like to see you as soon as possible about it. My daughter has told me of the Aaron. Kindly tell the messenger at what time my automobile can meet you to-night and where. Yours truly,

H. H. OGDEN.

P. S.—The matter is a confidential one.

"W'uldn't that jolt ye!" Peleg ejaculated. "That's th' lil gal's paw right 'nuff! Ye remember th' trip we made with her when we blocked th' lighthouse-repairin' game up t' the Ledge?"

"Surest thing I know! Nice gal, she wuz. Goin', ain't ye?"

By Lawrence Mott

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

"'Course I'm goin'! Ahoy thar, sonny; jest tell yer boss that th' chief an' me'll be waitin' fer his automobile at th' South Station at eight o'clock t'night."

"Whut d'ye say Sou' Station fer?"

"'Cause he put 'confidential' in th' letter, stoopid, an' we'd look p'utty comin' ashore from this one an' hikin' off in a swell machine! Every durned dock han' an' roustabout'd be nosin' fer news," the skipper explained patiently.

THE night shadows had long since shut down and the great arc lights of "T" Wharf were brilliant as Peleg and the chief went along its fish-cluttered planks.

Promptly at eight o'clock they reached the station. There was a huge limousine car waiting, its engine humming sweetly.

"Gee, look at th' size o' it!" the chief said won-



"W'uldn't that jolt ye!" Peleg ejaculated. "That's th' lil gal's paw right 'nuff! Ye remember th' trip we made with her when we blocked th' lighthouse-repairin' game?"

deringly, but Peleg marched boldly up to the chauffeur.

"Aire ye skipper o' this here craft? 'Cause if ye be, we're th' two passengers fer Mister H. H. O."

The man looked them up and down for an instant.

"I know we ain't much in th' line o' dressers, but I'm Captain Howard."

The chauffeur opened the door without a word.

"Why, it's as stiddy es a house!" the chief exclaimed as they rolled swiftly through the streets.

"Whut d'ye expect it t' do? Bounce like the *Aaron* in a big sea?" the skipper chuckled.

"Naw; but I'd allus heard tell that th' engines raced kind o' lively and shook things up."

THAD investigated everything.

"Wonder how ye telegraph th' engineer?"

Stick yer head out an' holler?"

"Thar'll be a bell, I reckon," Peleg answered confidently; "leastways thar *uz* a bell in th' other machine in Noo York."

While they were still looking for it the car drew up before a large house.

Only one light showed, but even as they stepped out the door opened noiselessly, and a tall, heavily built man appeared.

"Captain Howard?" he asked in a low voice.

"That's me, an' this es my chief engineer."

"Come in, come in," the other said nervously. "I am Mr. Ogden."

The great hallway was dark, but in the snug study softly shaded lights glowed.

"There is no one in the house," the millionaire ex-

plained more quietly, "and you will see the reason for all this secrecy when I make my proposition. I take it that you are open to charter?"

"Th' *Aaron*'s doin' nothin', Mister Ogden. It on'y depends on whut yer proposition es."

The skipper's hard blue eyes looked squarely into the other's keen gray ones.

"You did a neat piece of work for my daughter a few years ago, from what she tells me; and from—er—other sources I know you to be reliable."

"I allus cal'late to do th' job I takes," Peleg said curtly.

"Don't mistake me when I say that the plan I have in mind is a hazardous one for all concerned, and should it become known the financial world would be shaken to the very bottom—and badly shaken!" Ogden added with a faint smile. He watched Peleg and Thad closely, but their faces were unmoved.

"The plan," Ogden continued, "is to cause the disappearance—to kidnap, in short, the most powerful man in Wall Street for such a length of time that will permit my associates and me to finish certain plans that are vitally necessary to me. He ruined *me* once, and it's turn and turn about. You will realize, of course, that his disappearance will cause a big break in stock values, and, more than that, a certain extremely powerful government is negotiating a heavy loan with him that I want, which the bankers of other nations have refused. The government is Japan, and they will move heaven and earth—aye, and the waters of the earth—to find Mr. Hugh Brice, owner of a dozen railways, a quantity of banks, chairman of several of the ocean-line companies, and mine owner."

"Hub! That looks like th' calaboose, or bein' sunk by a Jap cruiser, don't it, Thad?" Peleg remarked slowly.

"Husky job, sure!" the lanky engineer answered.

"To accomplish it I am prepared to pay you fifty thousand dollars. It is only a matter of ten days or less. I am not the bagging kind, Captain Howard, and my offer is final."

PELEG peered up at the big man for an instant.

"Guess ye're right. I'll tackle the job!"

"Do you wish an agreement?"

"Nix on writt'n stuff; too dang'rous. I know ye, Mister Ogden, an' ye've evident' learn tell o' me. That's 'nuff. When d'ye want this here thing started, an' hav' ye any idee *how* t' git at our frien'? Bein' 's he's so powerful, it'll be resky to go near him, won't it? Ye couldn't invite him on yer own yacht an' we nip him off'n it?"

The other laughed.

"We do not speak, Captain Howard, and anyway, I am as closely watched by the press and others as he is! No, you will have to go it alone. I can, however, give you his daily whereabouts, describe him, give you his photograph—do anything but be seen with you under any circumstances."

Peleg scratched his stubby chin thoughtfully.

"We hain't livin' in th' days o' old, like 's books tells 'bout, an' it's goin' to be some job t' walk away with it. Say—" he asked suddenly, "es thar any Jap wessels in Noo York?"

"Yes, the *Yatushima*, first-class cruiser, is there; brought over the loan hunter."

"Wusser, an' more of it!" Peleg grunted. "Waal, gimme everythin' ye kin!"

For two hours the three puzzled ways and means. Finally the skipper stood up, buttoned his rough coat.

"He goes usool t' Three Mile Harb'r Fridays on his'n yacht, an' his house es in Easthampton, hey?"

"That's it."

"An' ye're *positive* that he hain't got no bearin's on yer scheme?"

"I am."

"Le's be goin', Thad. Gunnit, Mister Ogden. T'day es Monday; on Sat'rday or Sunday next th' papers'll make some kick-up, I'm thinkin'!"

"You have a plan?"

"Part o' one, jest part o' one, but me an' Thad'll fix it up somehow."

HE TUCKED the check carefully away.

"This ain't signed by ye?"

"No. A friend has an account that I use when I do not wish my name to appear; but I am my friend! Understand?"

"That's easy!"

"Good luck, Captain Howard."

The skipper waved his hand as the machine whirled them through the now nearly deserted streets. Neither spoke until they were being rowed on board the *Aaron*. "We'll mosey 'long t' Noo Haven t-morrer, chief. I reckon we kin clean up all right fur the money."

"Whut ye goin' t' do with him when we do belay t' his carkiss?"

"Let him amuse hisself anyhow he gosh well pleases! Th' gittin' o' him ain't goin' t' be half th' job thet gittin' rid o' him, an' beatin' it afore he lets a holler, es."

"**W**HAT a looking craft, Perrins!" Brice said from the afterdeck of his yacht, the *Vixen*, as it swept gracefully past the *Aaron*, now called the *Belle*, drifting slowly in the light air that waited down Long Island Sound.

It was coming twilight and the twinkling windows of the fish factory showed clearly in the purple-blue evening shadows.

The great man's private secretary idly took up the glasses.

"By Jove, sir, she has seen hard times! I suppose it would take a thing like that months to get anywhere?"

"Very probably. Oh, by the way, Mr. Katsumi, do you intend going back to New York, or is the cruiser coming here to pick you up?"

The immaculate Japanese hesitated.

"I did have thought to go back, but the most honorable idea you give is one excellence. We sign the papers to-night, yes? And I then send one telegraph for the *Yatushima* to make stop for me! Valry good, yes!"

It was dark when the *Vixen's* anchor was let go in Gardiners Bay, off Three Mile Point, but the launch drove her way swiftly up the twisting creek to the wharf.

BRICE, the Japanese emissary, and Perrins got in the waiting motor car, and slipped quietly into the deep gloom of the scrub oak, its headlights sending broad rays far ahead.

From Three Mile to Easthampton is three miles, and a good part of the road lies through timber. Brice enjoyed the cool and the sweet aroma of the damp leaves. His orders always were to drive slowly.

"Hold on a minnit, will ye?"

They heard the quavering voice plainly. The car stopped.

"Who is it? Good Lord!" the secretary ejaculated as men appeared all about the machine.

"Drive on, Michaels; it is one of those confounded moving-picture affairs, I suppose," Brice said irritably.

"Taint healthy t' drive on, mister!" the same voice spoke again, and they saw the outline of a revolver in the speaker's hand.

"Git out, an' step lively, please!"

"A holdup in 1912!" Brice's humor was aroused. "All right, boys, the sensation is worth it! I've got about fifty dollars, my watch, and cravat pin! Shell out, Perrins! This is a little surprise party, Mr. Katsumi! Our country is still wild and dangerous, you see!"

"I'm a son-of-a-crab, but we've pinched the Jap, too! Jiminy Jackson, I never thought o' that! Now what's to be did?"

"Best hustle, cap'n!" the mate suggested.

"Gotta take th' hul fit-out, I reckon!" Peleg chuckled grimly. "Line up Injun fashion, th' lot o' ye!"

"See here, man, is this a joke, because if it is you will find it an expensive one! My name is Brice—Hugh Brice, and—"

"Stow yer jaw and march!"

THE skipper tickled the great man's ribs with the ugly nose of a .44, while the chief, the mate, and three of the engine-room force did the same to the others.

"Help!" Brice roared.

"Gag him!" Peleg said briefly. It was done.

The strange procession filed back along the sandy road to Three Mile Harbor.

The Japanese was stoical, Perrins swearing softly, the rest silent. A big black lifeboat lay off the de-

serted wharf. Peleg whistled and herded his captives in it.

"If one o' ye squeaks I'm goin' t' let drive!"

The skipper's voice was grim as they approached the lights of the *Vixen*.

Brice couldn't; the other two realized that Peleg meant business and kept quiet.

A single lantern showed the tramp's position off shore. The skipper ungagged Brice.

"Up on deck now, an' ye kin holler all ye like!"

The three stood in growing amazement as the *Aaron* got under way and headed out for Montauk Point.

"Now then, gents, sorry t' hav' had t' shanghai ye, but them's my orders. I'll make ye as comfortable as I kin, but my ship ain't no yacht. Will ye fine me in a drink?"

"Ogden!" Brice exclaimed. Perrins nodded slowly.

"It looks like it, sir, and is a bold enough conception to emanate from his mind."

"How much will you take to put me ashore in New York, captain—? I do not know your name—"

"How fast can she go?" Brice had asked, surprised at her speed.

"Depends on how fast she's gotta hump herself," Peleg had answered cannily.

ACCUSTOMED as it is to sudden flares of newspaper excitement, New York City rubbed its sleepy eyes as newsboys tore through the quiet streets at five o'clock with extras about the disappearance of the famous financier, Hugh Brice; Mr. Katsumi, financial representative of Japan; Alfred Perrins, private secretary; and George Michaels, chauffeur.

Every sort of rumor was rife, and conjectures ran from murder and hidden burial to an ingenious reporter's tale that the natives of Easthampton had seen a huge dirigible floating far overhead all the previous afternoon. No one mentioned the filthy, old, tattered tramp whose skipper had come ashore in a battered dinghy to the local blacksmith to weld some braces, cursing and grumbling at his delay.

And, of course, not one of the army of newspaper men thought of asking. Rather they were insistent

that Germany or Russia must have had a cruiser, or a destroyer, or something, near Three Mile. And so it went, the tales growing more and more wild.

There was one man who knew and who dispatched strings of code telegrams to brokers all over the world.

OGDEN'S face was inscrutable, though, when he entered his offices at Nassau and Wall Street promptly at 9.45.

"Very strange thing, Mr. Ogden, isn't it?" his young secretary suggested.

"What 'thing'?"

"Why, the disappearance of Mr. Brice and the Japanese envoy."

"I did see something in the headlines. A press 'scare,' no doubt."

"Take my tip for it," the secretary said to the chief clerk afterward, "the old man knows something."

While the city seethed and opinions flickered to and fro, the *Aaron* drudged a barely seven-knot way up Ambrose Channel and dropped her hook off Tompkinsville, within two hundred yards of the *Yatushima*.

"Whut w'uld our yachtin' party say if they wuz t' be let loose now?" Peleg grinned.

Chief Thad was busily engaged watching the foreign cruiser.

"Bettcha he's heard o' it! They're runnin' round like ants aboard!"

"Sure they've heard! An' Wash'ngton's heard, too! Th' Jap es some class, chief. Fust thing ye know, we'll be th' plumb center o' a real live typhoon!"

Several United States warships were lying near, their brass glittering in the brilliant sunlight.

In comparison to their spotlessness the *Aaron* looked dingier, more drizzle-tailed than ever.

"Thought es how I'd stop her there, chief, 'cause nobuddy ever think we had th' crust t' do it! Now we'll hang on fer a spell an' see what happens next. I'll jump below an' see how they're a-gettin' 'long in their noo quart'rs!"

The *Yatushima* was evidently preparing for sea, as her launches were being hoisted and her boat booms swung alongside.

"Anchored, are we, friend pirate?" Brice asked, looking up from a two-year-old magazine.

"Yep! Hook's down."

"Might I ask whereabouts?"

THE dark hold was lighted by a cluster of electric bulbs. Most of the *Aaron's* movable furniture, in the way of chairs, tables, and settees, was there, and the gloomy place, that still reeked of the *Aaron's* last cargo of rum and molasses, was cheerful enough, and plenty of air streamed down the ventilators. The Japanese had an ancient pictorial sheet on his knees, Perrins was scribbling in his notebook, and the chauffeur smoked his pipe in the corner.

"One most distinct dishonorable thing for do American-Japanese gentleman. Suppose my country shoot you! Suppose *Yatushima* officer know, sink thees bad ship."

(Continued on page 32)



"Anchored, are we, friend pirate?" Brice asked, looking up from a two-year-old magazine.

"Yep! Hook's down."

"Might I ask whereabouts?"

"Names ain't necessary, mister; not in these kind o' games. Speakin' o' money, I'd best tell ye that ye ain't got 'nuff o' it t' git put ashore till fresh orders."

Peleg was gracious, and, in his capacity as host, shouted for the boy to bring whisky and glasses.

"Well, where are we bound?"

Brice was the kind of man who, once he realized certain things had to be done—or accepted—took them in their best light, and waited for luck to change. This trait had stood him in good stead all his life; he availed himself of it now.

"I'm thinkin' o' runnin' into New York t'morrer t' git some coal an' th' papers! Ye'll be wantin' t' read 'em, I'll bet!"

"Of all the nerve! It is really refreshing!"

BRICE laughed, so did the Japanese and Perrins.

"Think of it! Kidnaped on staid old Long Island, and without a struggle! So simple it was, too! How long is this cruise for? And what do you suppose we three will be doing while you coal in New York?"

"Takin' it easy down in No. 3 hatch!" Peleg grinned. "I'll rig some lights fer ye t' read by, give ye chairs an' booze, an' ye'll do a-right till we gits outside'n Sandy Hook agin!"

The great man turned to the Japanese.

"You see, Mr. Katsumi, how easy a thing is when done boldly?"

"One most execrable good scheme!"

"Our pirate friend knew the lay of the land, knew that there is no one at the Pavilion at Three Mile at that time of night, took a few chances such as possible passers-by, and here we are!"

Chief Thad put himself out of his room, the skipper did likewise, and the four turned in while the *Aaron* hurried down the Long Island coast.

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

A GOOD many people in Washington have believed lately that the currency bill will not pass during the present session of Congress, which must terminate automatically before the beginning of the regular session on the first Monday in December—which this year comes on the first day of December. COLLIER'S has predicted since as long ago as May that the bill will pass. If the adherents of delay should prevail, that would be the first time that a political prediction of COLLIER'S has failed to come true for nearly six years. These six years cover, roughly, the history of the progressive movement in both parties, and the failure of this particular prediction to come true might fairly be taken as a sign, in a way, of the first halt in the momentum of the progressive movement. COLLIER'S still believes that President Wilson will get the bill through.

Too Much to Do

ONE of the obstacles in the consideration of the currency bill is Senator O'Gorman of New York. This must not be taken as imputing any charge of bad faith to Senator O'Gorman, although it might fairly be said he is of an unusually independent temperament, and, having that kind of a temperament, probably chafes a little under the dominance which President Wilson has established over the Senate. Senator O'Gorman's attitude indicates that he wants plenty of time to hear testimony and study the bill. It would be a pity if serious delay should be caused by the fact that any one Senator has failed to take advantage of the opportunities to prepare himself on currency and banking legislation when those opportunities, through the Money Trust investigation and other investigations, have been so numerous. Possibly there is some ground for the feeling, which some other Senators have, that Senator O'Gorman has taken too much work on his shoulders. He is serving on four of the most important committees of the Senate: Banking and Currency, Foreign Relations, Judiciary, and Rules. In addition, he is on four more fairly important committees: Naval Affairs, Manufactures, Immigration, and Inter-oceanic Canals. This is an extraordinary degree of power and honor to be assumed by a Senator serving his first term. Indeed no other Senator, even including such veterans as Bacon of Georgia, Culberson of Texas, and Clarke of Arkansas, has succeeded in absorbing so many positions. Senator O'Gorman's share of power is all the more unusual since he came to the Senate entirely without legislative experience.

Cumbersome

THE wasted time, the lost motion, the awkwardness, and the general lack of speedy efficiency of the Government at Washington impress the observer every day. It is not especially the fault of any individual or any group. It is the fault of trying to do twentieth-century business with an eighteenth-century model. For example: The Lower House of Congress

finished its discussion of the tariff and passed the bill early in May. Thereafter, until the middle of September, it had nothing more to do with the tariff except to spend a few brief hours, during the latter part of September, debating the changes made in the Senate. During practically all those weeks Congress was substantially idle. Although the currency bill was on the stocks it was not introduced to the House until September 10, and then by decree of the leaders, the House was permitted only four days in which to debate the bill, and each Member was given only thirty minutes. As was said by Mr. Hunter Moss of West Virginia, a Republican:

I have not yet had an opportunity to investigate the bill just reported. I may vote for the bill. I intend to vote for it if I conclude that it is for the best interests of the country. I am not taking this position on any partisan ground, but I do believe that a bill which is as important as any that can pass this House ought to receive consideration of more than four days in debate by members of this House.

Also a Democrat, Mr. Oscar Callaway of Texas, among the abler of the new Members of Congress, said:

I want to discuss this bill, but I know and every Member of this House knows that no Member can discuss the bill in thirty minutes. He cannot start it in thirty minutes. I do not think we are so pressed on this important question that men should be cut down to thirty minutes. . . . We have been sitting here all summer through the heat, most of the time doing practically nothing, and now we have got the bill before the House and they want to cut us down to four days. No man can discuss this bill in thirty minutes and do it justice.

There is something quite wrong in all this. Probably the only way to change it will be ultimately by an adaptation of the form of government to the quantity and complexity of the legislation which has come within the Federal domain during the last twenty years, and especially during the last decade.

A single roll call of the 435 Members of the Lower House consumes forty minutes.

Two Lone Democrats

THERE was an example of courage on the floor of the Senate recently which ought not to pass without wider publicity than it will get from the Congressional Record. The Democrats have made two determined and successful assaults on the civil service. In the tariff bill they provided that the collectors of the new income tax shall be appointed without examination, and in the urgent deficiency bill they provided that the assistant collectors of internal revenue should be appointed without examina-

Questions about the Currency and Banking Bill

COLLIER'S Washington Bureau will be glad to answer questions concerning the new currency bill. Copies of the bill will be sent to all applicants so long as the supply holds out. In addition, there are a number of speeches dealing thoroughly with both sides of the bill which will be sent to those who ask for them. Bankers, business men, and others who are affected by the bill are invited to use this service freely. Address Collier's Washington Bureau, Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

tion. Concerning these provisions there are some scores of pages of the Congressional Record filled with sanctimonious cant from the mouths of the Democrats. The simple truth is the Democrats want the jobs. In the course of the discussion of these provisions one Democrat spoke up in indignation—Senator William Hughes of New Jersey. His speech, judged as a forensic effort, was very able. He went back as far as 1883 and reproduced the civil-service platform planks which have been solemnly reiterated in every Democratic platform—such planks as this:

We denounce the Republican party for its continuous and sinister encroachments upon the spirit and operation of civil service rules, whereby it has arbitrarily dispensed with examination for office in the interests of favorites.

"Here we are," said Senator Hughes, "in a Democratic platform denouncing precisely the thing we are asked to vote for in this appropriation bill." Then he went on:

I would as soon vote for a law that would permit me to turn out every letter carrier, clerk, and rural free delivery carrier in the United States as to vote for this provision. It would be precisely the same in principle. . . . I am against a return to the old system under which it was the custom to tear the uniform off the letter carriers and clerks at every change of administration.

What Senator Hughes said wasn't very popular with his colleagues who were engineering the grab. Senator James of Kentucky taunted him with having voted for the tariff bill, which included a provision keeping income-tax collectors out of the civil service. Senator Hughes thereupon replied in a way that incidentally indicates the evils of the caucus:

I expected that question from some one on the other side of the Chamber. I did not expect a Democrat to throw in my teeth that while I voted against the proposition [to violate the civil service principles] in caucus I supported it and voted for it on the floor. I will say to the Senator, in order that he may humiliate me as far as he can, yes; I voted for that proposition because we caucused on it, and I felt that I was in honor bound to vote for it.

The only other Democrat who supported Senator Hughes was Senator Harry Lane of Oregon. He pointed out, as Senator Hughes also did, that the civil-service system is not perfect and that changes ought to be made in it; but he said:

I believe it is the duty of members of both sides of the Chamber to get together and reorganize the system of rules and regulations and the method of administration so as to make the civil service system more amenable to the needs and uses of the Government; at the same time, I prefer, even as it exists now, the civil service system to any return to the spoils system.

Both Senator Hughes and Senator Lane carried their convictions to a conclusion, and when the vote came they were the only two Democrats against the provision. Senator Hughes is very close to President Wilson, and it need take no stretch of the imagination to suppose that President Wilson sympathizes with Senator Hughes's effort to defeat this provision. But the fact is that throughout the rank and file of Democratic Senators and Members there is a sentiment which would overthrow the entire civil-service system if they are not prevented by public opinion.



The Old Order Changeth—to Motor Boats

DIFFICULT as it is to believe, a report well confirmed by photographs insists that motor boats are trespassing in Venice upon the hereditary domain of the gondola. We reproduce above one piece of evidence. The Venetian gondoliers, who so long and so stanchly have resisted the introduction of modern water craft into the Grand Canal, are reported to have formed an association which is pledged to supplant the time-honored gondolas with electric launches.

Purdue Abolishes Its Annual "Tank Fight"

THE snapshot in the circle at the right is a flashlight glimpse of the latest—and last—"Tank Fight" at Lafayette, Ind., between freshmen and sophomores of Purdue University. In the first rush of the fight this year one of the students fell dead. With that

came an end to the conflict and to a college tradition that had been observed for a score of years. The students assembled the following day and voted to abolish the custom. Though direct responsibility for the death could not be laid upon the friendly but rough-and-tumble "class scrap," the students were shocked and dismayed at the tragedy.

The "Tank" is a big standpipe and the issue of the annual battle is to decide whose numerals shall adorn it. A large square, lighted by flickering torches, is roped off and the rival underclassmen march in and take positions at two sides of the arena.

Suddenly the class yells cease. A marshal steps forward and waves a torch. The two columns charge. Their front lines engage and go down; the flanks close up and—the illustration shows what happens next.

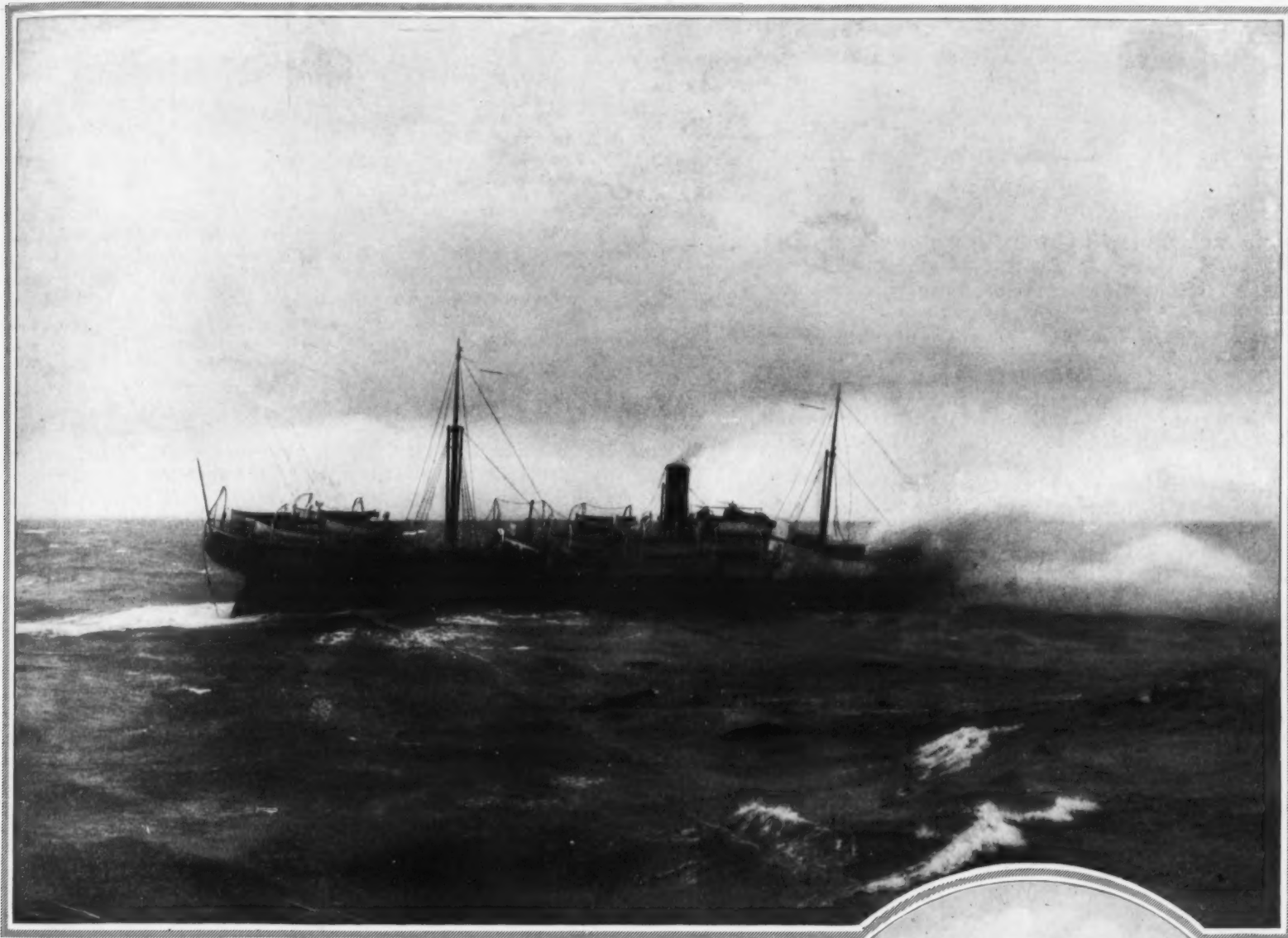
The victors tie their prisoners, then decorate them liberally with black paint.



Reforming Barbary Coast with Padlocks

SAN FRANCISCO'S Barbary Coast, which first came into notoriety in the days of the pioneers and latterly gained unlimited advertising as the birthplace of the "turkey trot" and kindred dances, poses here—in the picture at the left—for one of its last portraits. By order of the police commissioners the district has been closed. The city that has been known as the gayest on the continent did not feel that she could afford to flaunt this particular brand of frivolity in the faces of visitors to the 1915 exposition.

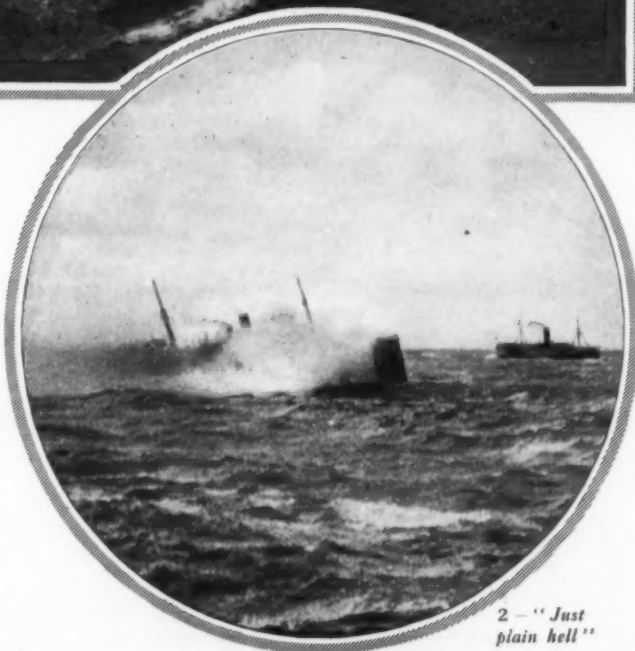
The modern Barbary Coast was a cross between the tenderloin of a Western mining town and a Parisian Montmartre. Sightseers, chaperoned by professional guides, began to visit its dance halls and the dive keepers, quick to perceive a commercial opportunity, offered special attractions to tourists. Dancing girls and their companions staged "Apache" performances at beer tables for the benefit of gaping onlookers.



1—The burning Volturno as she appeared from the bridge of the Grosser Kurfuerst

The Volturno Disaster: A Camera the Reporter

SCIENCE, speaking through the wireless, called ten ships to the rescue of the liner *Volturno* on the morning of October 9 after an explosion had killed 50 of the 657 persons aboard and fire was imperiling the lives of the others. The gale and the seas were so formidable that for eight hours small boats could not go to the rescue, and the ten ships stood by helpless. Wrecked lifeboats, panic, and desperate leaps into the sea cost 86 lives; but 521 finally were saved. Our snapshots, by the photographer of the *Grosser Kurfuerst*, show the *Volturno* in three stages: (1) Mid-day. (2) Later, when fire, gale, and panic had made the vessel "just plain hell." (3 and 4) The following morning.



2—"Just plain hell"



3—A Grosser Kurfuerst lifeboat off to the rescue



4—1, Devonian; 2, Rappahannock; 3, Volturno (burning); 4, Narragansett; 5, A lifeboat (with sail); 6, Seydlitz; 7, Kroonland



The Line of Cleavage

WE WISH WE COULD MAKE CLEAR the distinction between Mr. CHARLES S. BIRD, who is running for Governor of Massachusetts as the Progressive candidate, and Mr. AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER, who is running as the so-called Progressive-Republican candidate. The distinction is there, and it is both broad and deep. A good deal depends upon whether a sufficient number of voters in Massachusetts are able to see it.

Mr. BIRD has observed some evils in the world which he earnestly desires to correct. He has, therefore, come out of private life and is devoting himself passionately to bringing about these measures of social justice.

Mr. GARDNER has observed that some changes must be made in the Republican party if it is going to continue to endure, and to provide offices and distinctions for himself and his followers. Having observed this, he has decided to try to make these organization changes. This, in his judgment, constitutes him a reformer in the same sense that Mr. BIRD is. We hope the voters of Massachusetts do their thinking more clearly and with better faith.

A naive evidence of the real significance of GARDNER's candidacy is to be found in these words from the dowager of all standpatters, the Boston "Transcript":

GARDNER will command the solid support of a reuniting Republican party and will attract in addition thousands of independents and of Cleveland Democrats. GARDNER is looked upon by Republicans as thoroughly sound upon fundamentals.

Of course he is. And that is why the Republican party throughout the nation hopes earnestly that Mr. GARDNER may succeed in fooling the people of Massachusetts. The Republican party is the Republican party. It hasn't changed. Its stockholders, its self-perpetuating board of directors, its soul, may be found in any standard book of reference. We take these names from the official list of the Republican National Committee:

Colorado Simon Guggenheim	New Jersey Franklin Murphy
Illinois Roy O. West	New York William Barnes, Jr.
Massachusetts W. Murray Crane	Utah Reed Smoot

Every vote cast for GARDNER and against BIRD is a vote for the continued dominance of these men in our national life.

Headlines

"**EDDIE TAKES A TOSS**" announced a German newspaper; the EDDIE being Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the toss a sleighing accident. We should think nothing of a headline of that sort in this country even if it applied to one of our demigods; but the German editor has been sentenced to spend a month in jail for being disrespectful. What would happen to the editor of the Philadelphia "North American" if Philadelphia happened to be Germany?

FAKERS THROG YORK FAIR;
PENROSE IS DUE THURSDAY

is one of his latest subtleties. It is fortunate for Mr. VAN VALKENBURG that PENROSE is a mere United States Senator and not Prince of Saxe-Culmbacher-Hofbrau.

The Cost of Safe Banks

IN THE FIFTY YEARS of national banking over 500 banks have failed. The most disastrous of all came during the present year, in Pittsburgh, and involved the tying up of \$40,000,000 of deposits. Yet the final loss to depositors in all these 500 and more failures—many of them very bad failures—was less than 18 per cent of the total of the deposits involved. In cash the amount was not over \$20,000,000. At any time in these fifty years a deposit fund of \$50,000,000 would have been more than ample to pay immediately every depositor in the failing banks; and actually half of this would have been sufficient, because if depositors know that their money is safe and accessible many would leave it alone. In these same fifty years the Government has collected in taxes from these same national banks over \$200,000,000. Over \$120,000,000 of this was from the tax on national bank notes. The total expenses of this department in this same period are computed by the Comptroller at a little over \$15,000,000. Over \$185,000,000 was profit. If the new currency bill would create a deposit-insurance fund from these profits of \$50,000,000 and add thereto annually the profits from the bank-note tax, the fear of bank failures and the unfold suffering they cause would be banished from

the United States. They would be banished because, in competition with a Government guarantee of deposits, the 18,000 State and private banks would be forced to create a guarantee fund, or else become national banks. The only people left to worry would be the shareholders of the banks, and we believe that they would then give much more attention to the proper conduct of their properties. In the face of the ease with which deposits could be made absolutely safe, and the enormous gain which would accrue therefrom, and in the face, further, of the present banking strain which, if unrelieved, may cause many bank failures in the United States within the next three years, it seems incredible that the authors of the Owen-Glass measure would fail to realize such a magnificent opportunity. We do not hesitate to express our belief that the gain from thus solidifying the whole national banking power of the United States would far outweigh all the other benefits, real or prospective, which might result from this measure.

Why?

WHAT IS IT that makes a marine disaster—a *Titanic* or *Volturno* tragedy—more dramatic than anything that happens on dry land? The number of lives involved has little or nothing to do with it. What is it, then, unless the fact that a sea disaster brings man and nature face to face on an empty stage? Man is alone with the great enemy, and Death wears a most terrifying mask. Man is alone; the ocean rolls and tosses on all sides of him. In such circumstances, one realizes as never before that nature is no sentimentalist.

The Sparrow and the Spout

COOPERATION IS CIVILIZATION. True cooperation does wonders. A short time ago we asked our readers for some lines of a deathless lyric which we had partially forgotten. The response was surprising. We received not only the forgotten lines, but so many readings of them and so many variants of our own quotation that we are now prepared to compile a variorum edition of "The Sparrow and the Spout." Some of the versions are so defective metrically that we feel sure they are corrupt. We offer the following as the true, authentic, and definite version:

A bloody, bloomin' sparrow
Lived in a bleedin' spout;
There came a bloomin', bloody rain
And drove the beggar out!

The bloomin', bleedin' sun came out
And dried the bloody rain,
And the bloody, bloomin' blighter
Went up the spout again!

The Moral

THIS SEEMS TO US a perfect lyric. It has that compression which EMERSON notes as the characteristic of all great poetry. It tells of the tragedy of life and of fortitude in meeting it. How perfectly it displays the richness of the Cockney dialect in adjectives! But has it a moral? We applied the first quatrain to some of the sparrows who were washed out by the Mulhall revelations. Some of our friends suggest that it is a literary boomerang in that the last lines imply, with that mystic insight which inheres in all great art, that Mr. WATSON of Indiana after the shower will reenter the blooming spout. There is much force in this; but we prefer to construe the phrase in its political connection according to the Yankee meaning of "up the spout." We believe the washed-out political sparrows are up the spout permanently.

American Balladry

THE SPARROW POETRY reminds us that the true ballad—the folk song which was never written, but has passed from mind to mind by oral tradition—is not an American institution. Who knows of any real American folk songs? Dr. LOMAX of Texas and Harvard has collected "Cowboy Ballads"; and the professors of the University of Missouri, who have been for some years collecting verses which have some right to be called American ballads, are doing a most interesting work. It is probable that in the remoter regions of Missouri is to be found the largest body of real American balladry in existence. It should be preserved. Many songs which have taken on an American form, and are still sung among the mountaineers of the

The Aeroplane's Birthday Party—a Derby Above the Skyscrapers



*W. S. Luckey,
winning jockey.
Stake: \$1,000*

NO other Derby in the world's history ever had a gallery to compare with the throngs in New York City and eastern New Jersey that watched the Columbus Day American Aerial Derby. The holiday crowds that caught glimpses of five aeroplanes racing across New York Harbor and around Manhattan Island on a sixty-mile course high above the skyscrapers were estimated in millions.

The Aerial Derby was described as a birthday party for the aeroplane, for the race celebrated the approach of the tenth anniversary of Wilbur Wright's first flight in a power-driven flyer. Though a forty-three-mile gale was blowing, five aeroplanes made the circuit without accident. W. S. Luckey, the winner, covered the sixty miles in a 100-horsepower Curtiss biplane in 52 minutes 54 seconds, and was awarded \$1,000. Frank Niles, in the same type of machine, was two minutes behind this mark. He won \$750. C. Murvin Wood, third place, in an 80-horsepower Moisant monoplane, got \$500. The New York "Times" contributed the stakes.

Our larger photograph, taken from a Hudson River ferryboat at Forty-second Street, shows the winning aeroplane speeding down the stretch.



Poor Folks' Shoes

"LIGE" banged the door as he came in; his three tow-headed children scurried like startled rabbits to the corner of the fireside where Ally sat nursing the baby and also laboriously darning a great hole in a coarse woolen stocking.

"What'd you come in like a storm fer, Lige," she complained; "you most skeered the children to death."

"I ain't no b'ar," retorted Lige sullenly, holding his numbed fingers close to the blaze of the open fire. "There ain't no call fer 'em to run like that from their own daddy. 'Pears to me you might 'a' bin puttin' in some of your idle time a-learnin' 'em better."

A hot flush crept over Ally's face up to the roots of her drab hair, and there was a dangerous calm in her voice.

"Accordin' to nature, Lige," she said, "they oughta not need to be learnt that lesson."

Lige huddled closer to the fire without replying, successfully hiding from his wife the glow of shame that her admonition had brought forth.

IT HAD been a bad day for the "dump men" at the furnace—snowy, with a bleak, piercing, biting wind; even the usually patient, plodding cart mules had shivered and refused to stand without being haltered while the shivering men filled the carts with slag. Once during the day the mule that Lige had driven had become unmanageable and had come perilously near backing off the high embankment at the end of the dump. Only the quick spring of Lige from the cart and his iron grasp at the wheel saved them. His arm ached fiercely still from the great strain, but to him it had merely been a part of the daily grind and he never thought of mentioning such a trivial occurrence to Ally. Instead, he only scowled at the twinge of pain as he thrust his big palms toward the grateful warmth of the burning brands.

Ally, watching, was suddenly resentful of the scowl—was suddenly resentful of the whole scheme of existence in so far as it concerned herself. Her gaze deliberately and carefully swept the small room as if she were seeing it for the first time. It took in each ugly feature—bare ceiling, bare walls, bare floor through whose yawning cracks the wind whistled drearily, even puffing up in spots the old bedquilt on which the children sat huddled together, quiet as little mice. Their coarse, unlovely clothing came in for a share of Ally's minute inspection and deepened her resentment. She noted the yarn threads tying the little girls' blond, stubby braids, and it was as if she had never observed them before, or only now for the first time recognized them as a mark of the poor—the very poor.

SHE had a swift mental picture of the superintendent's children with their white-aproned nurse, and the outside difference between those children and her own poor little brood cut deeper than ever before. Feeling an utter hopelessness, she turned with a shudder to the fire. Close to the embers Lige's great, rough, damp shoes smoked visibly, and Ally, noting them, looked down at her own foot covering, the resentment that had only smoldered before bursting into sudden flame.

"I got to have some new shoes, Lige," she announced sharply. "These are jest off'n my feet."

There was a sort of challenge in her voice that brought Lige upright and made him stare at her.

"Guess you'll haf to wear what you got fer a while or get some with your own money," he said sullenly.

Ally's hands trembled and she dropped her darning into her lap and faced Lige, her voice unsteady with anger.

"You know I ain't got no money, Lige," she accused hotly. "I ain't ever had a single cent to call mine sence you'n me have bin married!"

"And I ain't had none neither," returned Lige. "With you'n these children to pervide fer it's all I can do to keep—"

"Pervide fer! You can call this pervidin' if you don't keer what you say, Lige." Ally glanced con-



By Beth Whitson

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE



temptuously about the bare room. "I call it jes' keepin' soul and body tergether; I bin keepin' up my end of the row's well as I could, but I ain't goin' to do it any longer without shoes to my feet. And I done wore these rags my last hour, Lige; see if I ain't—"

WITH a swift, unexpected movement she snatched off the broken, shapeless remnants of what had once been shoes, and together flung them deliberately into the heart of the blaze.

Lige gave a little gasp of surprise—stooped as if to rescue the offending pieces of leather, then giving his wife a bewildered look, slammed out of the room with even more vehemence than he had entered it.

It was growing late, but Ally, instead of building a fire in the tiny cook stove, as usual, sat on until the dark had fallen, nursing the baby and staring with dull, expressionless eyes at the bits of writhing leather where she had thrown the worn-out shoes.

The little girls had dropped their homely make-shifts for dolls, and the boy his stick and jackknife, and all sat watching their mother. Presently the smaller one complained of hunger, and Ally, putting down the sleeping baby, hastily cooked a kettle of mush, which the children ate avidly with cups of milk. When the meal was finished they crept into one bed, the three of them, and Ally, after washing the soiled dishes, tucked the worn covers closer about the quiet little, pinched bodies, and resumed her darning.

Presently Lige came in, carrying an unshapely package which he dropped, without a word, into his wife's lap; and, without a word, Ally untied the bundle. There was a look of misgiving on her face as she pulled at the wrappings, and when she exposed to view a pair of shoes as coarse and heavy as Lige's own, her expression changed to one of indignation, and with a glance of defiance at her husband, with all her small strength she threw the offending shoes to the farther end of the room, and stood trembling from head to foot.

"YOU can take 'em back!" she cried shrilly; "I'll never in the world wear sech shoes, Lige! It ain't as if I wore out lots o' shoes. I ain't had a new pair in nigh on two years, and you have wore out a dozen pair. I ain't had no clothes either—jest changin' rags—one week I wear this rag I got on now and next week I wear ernother rag while I wash this'n; and the children the same way. You talk about supportin', Lige—if you'd jest stop makin' me bring more little bodies into the world to be cold

sometimes and hungry sometimes and naked all the time, I wouldn't min' goin' naked myself. Every time one little fellow comes I wish I could die before ernother one comes, me and what air here already. But jest wishin' to die don't take anybody out'n the world, and I guess it's right fer us to have to stay on and suffer with what we've brung into life, and I got to have shoes, Lige, so's I can keep goin' and doin' the best I can fer these little fellers that you'n me air responsible fer."

"I got you some shoes," said Lige defensively.

"But I can't wear sech shoes," Ally persisted; "they hurt my feet, Lige; you'll haf to wear 'em this time."

Lige poked the fire fiercely, and Ally's face grew whiter.

"Lige," she said presently, and her voice was husky, "I bin a good wife as I knew how, but I'm done with cookin' fer you till I get some shoes I can wear. You needn't call

me in the mornin' to cook your breakfast, and you can cook your own dinner and your own supper and your breakfast agin, till you bring me some more shoes!"

Picking up the sleeping baby, Ally went into the adjoining room. It was cruelly cold, while the only makeshift for a bed was a rickety cot, and she shivered under the thin covering as she hugged the baby closer to keep it warm.

Presently Lige came to the door. "Come on back in here, Ally," he called; "you and the baby will mighty nigh freeze."

"Will you git me some more shoes in the mornin', Lige?" Ally questioned.

There was no answer, and directly Lige closed the door between them, and the little house of the poor—the very poor, as Ally had only that day recognized it—became silent except for the occasional falling of the gray, burned-out coals on the hearth and the soft beat of the snow outside.

It was late when Ally woke on the following morning; the snow was deep outside, but the clouds had blown away during the night and the sun shone through the one little window of the room where she had slept. There were rheumatic pains in her bones as she crept stiffly from the cot, fully dressed as she had been the day before. Even the coarsest nightgown was a luxury Ally had never owned. When the weather was pleasant she slept in her chemise and petticoat, but the night before she had kept on all her scanty garments for warmth. As she stood fastening a loosened band here and there, her toes stuck out through great holes in her stockings.

SHE found the children awake and huddled on their quilt before the fire; a stack of dishes freshly washed showed that they, too, had eaten, and on the little stove, piled neatly on a plate, were the remains of the breakfast. She questioned the quiet little brood, and finding that all had breakfasted, she drank a cup of coffee and ate a bit of the bread in a mechanical way.

As she ate she noticed the shoes still lying where she had dispatched them in her paroxysm of anger the night before, and when she had finished her breakfast she went back where they lay and gave them a vengeful little kick that sent them into the corner—which must have hurt her unshod foot.

The day wore on to noon, and Lige, coming in, cooked himself a hasty bite of food, and when he had gone Ally did the same thing for herself and the children.

She sat through the short afternoon answering at random the few questions of her little flock and staring ceaselessly at the fire, as if she hoped to find there an answer to the puzzle of existence.

It was after nine that night before Lige came. The children were all asleep, and Ally had looked anxiously toward the door many times before she heard his step, yet when he came she asked no questions and he volunteered no information. As Lige went

awkwardly about getting his supper, Ally patched industriously on the boy's poor little trousers; and when he had eaten, they sat opposite each other at the fireside, neither speaking until Ally took up the baby and started for the little cold bedroom as on the previous night. As she reached the door, Lige said huskily:

"I think it about time this foolishness was stopped, Ally; you and baby'll take your death o' cold."

"It won't stop," Ally cut in coldly, "till you git me some shoes, Lige."

"But I got you some shoes, Ally." There was a note of appeal in Lige's voice.

"But you know I can't wear them kind," returned Ally, and, getting no answer, she went out, closing the door, while Lige sat on far into the night, his face hidden in his great toil-hardened hands.

ANOTHER day and night and still another passed in the same manner. Each morning Ally found breakfast left on the stove for her—each day she noted an added gentleness in the manner of Lige toward herself and the children, and he was not out late again. On the afternoon of the fourth day she left off staring at the fire as if hopeless of ever solving the puzzle, and, going to the corner, brought out the hated shoes

and sat down to put them on. Then it was that she felt the first pang of remorse, for in each shoe she found a new stocking; coarse and heavy, but new and clean, they made a very strong appeal to Ally. Running for a wash basin, she took off the ragged ones she wore, and when she had soaped and washed her feet scrupulously, she put on the new ones and laced up the heavy shoes with almost the ghost of a smile.

Lige came in a few minutes late that night, carrying a package and with something akin to buoyancy in his step. He stopped short at the sight of a smoking supper on the stove and Ally hovering over it in a clean, much-mended dress. Then he went over, and, putting the package in her hands, almost boyishly bade her undo it.

Ally gave a little gasp of amazement as she discovered the contents of the bundle. She was holding the prettiest pair of shoes that the company store kept in stock—a pair that Ally had admired as something altogether out of her reach, and here was she not only with them in her possession, but Lige was trying to convince her that they were her very own. She tried to say something, but choked over the words, and, sinking into a chair, she bowed her head on the table and sobbed unrestrainedly.

It was then that Lige noticed for the first time the

shoes she was wearing, and, stooping, he laid his rough hand tenderly on the bowed head and said anxiously:

"Hush, Ally girl; hush, Honey—it air all right."

"BUT I was so mean, Lige," sobbed Ally, "and these new shoes air too good fer folks like me."

"There ain't nothin' too good fer you, Honey, and you air goin' to keep these jest the same." Stooping, Lige drew the drab head awkwardly against his shoulder.

"It was like this, Honey," he went on: "I was in debt a little at the company store, and t'other night Knox was mad at somethin' and wouldn't let me have no decentlike shoes, but I bin workin' some extry fer two days after we cleared the dump, and I done bought and paid for these purty ones; and, Ally girl, maybe things ain't goin' to be so bad no more, fer I done got a job on the night engines at two dollars! What do you think o' that, Ally girl?"

Ally, hugging the pretty shoes tight, was looking at Lige with big, wet, excited eyes. "I think—" she said breathlessly—"I think you must have your supper right this minute, Lige; you and the children—while I fix somethin' nice'n extry fer you to carry erlong fer midnight."

The Extra Motion

By Frank Chase

ILLUSTRATED BY R. T. McCAIG

AT TWO O'CLOCK Declus Babb displayed the "Closed" sign at paying window A of the Mammoth National Bank. He removed the currency till from the horseshoe counter at his right and placed it in a black trunk resting on a table desk in the rear of his cage. He locked the trunk, tried the cage gate behind him, and walked toward the locker room at a pace which moved a flippant check teller to exclaim:

"Guess the old man's in a hurry today."

Mr. Babb was a year or two under sixty, and to the underlings who set the driving pace of a large bank he was an old man. In point of service he was old indeed, having worked in the Mammoth for nearly forty years. And of late he had begun to feel old in spirit. He didn't stand quite as straight and his hair was whitening. His hands trembled a little, especially on Saturdays, when payments were heavy.

As Mr. Babb was shedding his black office coat he overheard snatches of a conversation which was being carried on in another aisle of the locker room.

"He's getting pretty slow and shaky—ought to resign. By and by he'll over-pay some one, and then—clever swindler could—"

MR. BABB did not move until the voices had left the room. Of course they had referred to him. It was the average slander of those who wait for promotion. He had been ranking paying teller for a score of years and now younger blood was after his job. One of the voices Mr. Babb had recognized as that of Arthur Killum, the spare teller, who was next in line for a regular place.

It was a hot July day and Mr. Babb ordered a seasonable lunch of graham crackers and milk. But he didn't feel hungry and ate only a few spoonfuls. He could still hear that nasty remark of Killum's: "He's getting pretty slow and shaky." And Arthur Killum was going to take over his cash! He must hurry back and see that everything was right. As senior teller, paying "clearing" and the big drafts, Declus Babb carried a working balance of about three hundred thousand dollars. Of course it would come out right, as usual. Still, there was always a chance. Anyway he ought to straighten out his cage a bit, for to-morrow he would begin his annual vacation and the spare teller would pay at window A during his absence.

Mr. Babb always looked forward to his vacations. He usually saw a bit of the country, and returned to work moderately tanned. But conditions would be different this year. He almost wished his vacation were over. It would be hard to derive much pleasure from it, knowing each day that his substitute was undoubtedly trying to root him out of a job.

The veteran teller returned to the bank and methodically listed the day's payments. Next he inventoried



Mr. Babb always looked forward to his vacations. Of late he had begun to feel old in spirit. He didn't stand quite as straight and his hair was whitening

his cash and found it apparently correct. As had been his practice for twenty years, he rechecked the inventory and again ran over his additions.

AFTER proving his work Mr. Babb began to feel easier in mind. The "old man" might be slowing up a bit, he reflected, but he was still as accurate as the best of them. Not even backbiting Arthur Killum could gainsay that.

With a return of confidence in himself, Mr. Babb half resolved to tell Killum what he had overheard in the locker room and demand an apology. He fussed around the paying cage, putting everything in precise

order and conjecturing the possible dialogue.

At four o'clock Martin, who paid in cage B, wished Mr. Babb a pleasant vacation and went home. The other counter men left soon afterward, and most of them paused to counsel the senior teller to take care of himself while he was away.

THE floor of the big banking room was practically deserted when Arthur Killum appeared at the gate of cage A and announced that he was ready to take over Mr. Babb's cash. He exhibited a memorandum signed by the cashier authorizing the transfer.

Arthur Killum was a year or two past thirty, tall and dark and quick-motivated. He apologized for the delay, stating that he had been straightening out cage F to turn it back to the regular teller, who would return from his vacation the following morning.

Mr. Babb was coldly courteous. He had decided to postpone his reprimand until the substitute teller had receipted for three hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Babb surrendered the key to the black trunk. Killum unlocked it and moved it across one end of the table desk to obtain more space to pile its contents. Excepting the broken straps of currency, the coins in the change machine, and a few rolls of gold eagles, the money was in straps of one hundred bills each. Killum's long fingers ran through the straps of money with astonishing speed. Regularly every thirty seconds he counted a strap, initialed it, and reached for another, like a well-adjusted machine.

THERE were about ninety full straps of various denominations and three unbroken packages from the Treasurer of the United States, each containing four thousand new bills. The broken straps made a pile about a foot high, and Killum counted them last. It was six o'clock when he finished with the paper and began on the rolls of gold coins.

From his stool near the paying window Mr. Babb watched the younger man work and inwardly envied his efficiency. There was a fascinating rhythm to his movements.

First came a thump as he broke the wrapper on the desk behind the trunk; a twist of the wrist and the wrapper was emptied. The left palm came to the rim of the desk; a clink of metal and it held yellow coins, tumbled in by four sweeps of the right hand. The left fingers closed over the coins and they lay a milled bar, ready for the wrapper which the right hand had reached for. His arms went away together and the yellow bar was encircled with a cylinder of paper. Nimble fingers folded over the ends in the same motion. The left hand placed the counted roll in a tray, while the right hand reached for an uncounted roll to repeat the operation. The spare

teller handled money wonderfully fast, and he seemed sure of himself.

"An' so ye're off for a vacation to-morrow, Mr. Babb," said a jovial voice at the paying teller's window. Mr. Babb turned and grasped the strong hand of Jerry Ryan, extended under the window grating.

"I saw ye working late and thought I'd wish ye good luck," said Ryan, who had been a patrolman before he became a night watchman in the Mammoth.

Killum continued his count industriously, and both men watched him for a time.

The watchman was leaning on his elbows outside the window. Mr. Babb had remounted his stool.

"Seeing the young man clink off the gold pieces," continued Ryan reminiscently, "reminds me of a brick-layin' scheme I had sprung on me before I got on the force. I was young meself then, an' quick wid me hands—like Mr. Killum here. Do ye mind the swing of 'im now—every time his arm moves he does something. 'Twas the same idea—that bricklayin' scheme. I mind that a man was expected to pick up a brick wid one hand an' dig for his mortar wid the other—an' never a look at either of 'em. Ye was supposed to be looking halfways bechune them—or thereabouts.

"Trainin' your digits, they called it then—that was twenty-odd years since. An' now it's the *Taylor system*—at least for the goat who does the work. The college boys, who learn how to do it out of a book, call it *motion study*. Anyway, it's all from the same basket. A crooked poker player cud trim the both of 'em, I'm thinkin'."

Chuckling at his own philosophy, the grizzled watchman continued on his round of inspection.

Killum soon finished with the gold coin and he began replacing the money in the trunk, handling the packages with his left hand and checking off the items on Mr. Babb's inventory with his right. Presently he turned and stared blankly at Mr. Babb, who still occupied his stool near the paying window.

"I don't find the twenty-four thousand-dollar bills which you show on your list," he said.

Mr. Babb was not greatly disturbed. He did not even quit his stool. The strap of thousand-dollar bills was there all right. He had counted it twice since lunch time. Here was a chance to take the young man down a notch.

"Guess you've been a little careless, Mr. Killum," he said serenely. "The money's there all right. Better check it off again—a little slower this time maybe. Try the old man's pace for a while."

STIFLING an angry retort, Killum turned to the trunk again. He removed the money once more and placed it in stacks by denominations on the table, carefully searching through each pile for the missing twenty-four certificates.

"There isn't a thousand-dollar bill in the lot, Mr. Babb," he announced finally. "You can see for yourself."

"I have seen!" snapped the elder man. "The strap of big bills is there, I tell you. I had fifty-four of them this morning and I paid clearing thirty. There are twenty-four left. I've counted them twice since lunch time."

"You're mistaken, Mr. Babb," replied Killum indulgently. "Wasn't it yesterday you counted them?"

"Yesterday!" choked Mr. Babb, jumping to his feet in a sudden rage. "Do you think I'm getting as shaky as that, you—you backbiting hypocrite? There were twenty-four thousand-dollar bills in my cash when you entered this cage. If they are missing, well—I shall know where to look for them!"

"I'll make you prove that," said Killum quietly, stepping away from the table.

Mr. Babb's hands trembled as he pawed through the stacks of money. With an effort, he steadied himself and made a more methodical search, which finally extended the length and breadth of the cage.

Arthur Killum made no further effort to find the missing bills. He sneered openly, as much as to say: "The money isn't here, and you know it."

Suddenly Killum looked into the muzzle of an automatic pistol, which a moment before had reposed on its accustomed shelf near the paying window.

"Turn out your pockets, Arthur Killum!" grated Mr. Babb. "Turn 'em out, or I'll shoot. I will—so help me God!"

Arthur Killum did not move a muscle.

"What kind of a game is this?" he asked coolly. "You can't shift this thing onto me. Why, man, you know better! You've been right here—"

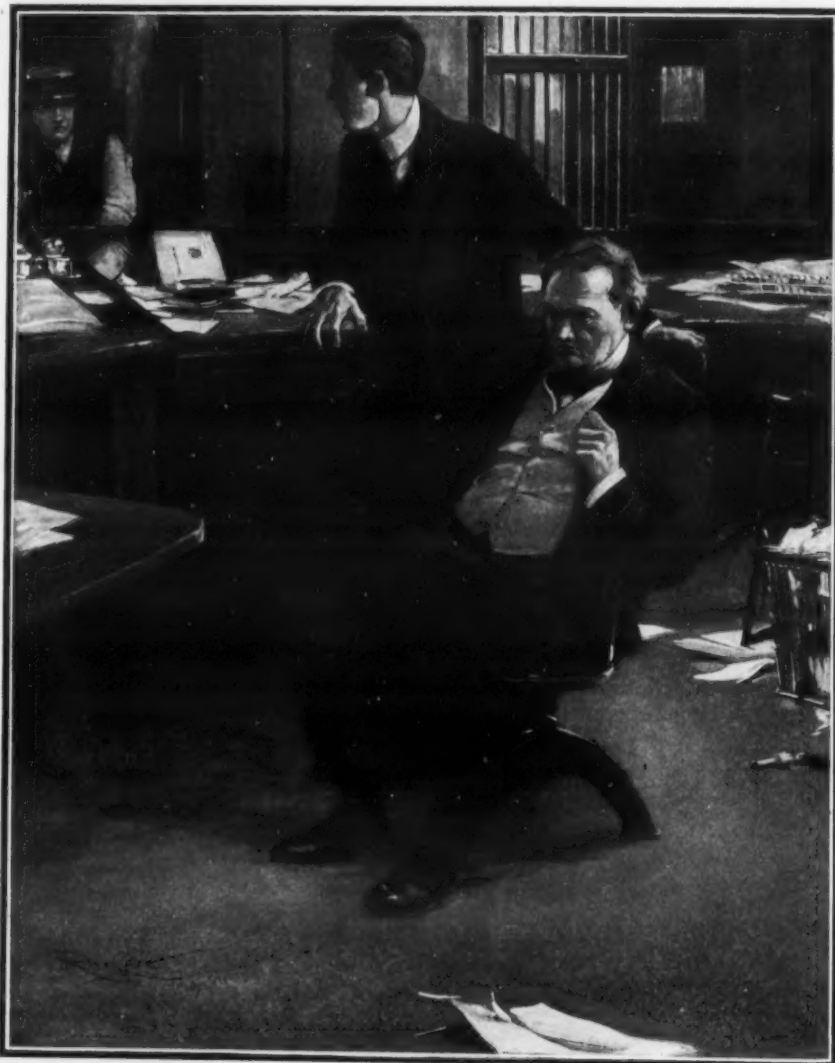
"You've tricked me!" cried Mr. Babb. "The money's in your pockets! Let me see! Out with them! I'll kill you!"

The paying teller had lashed himself into a shrieking rage. His pistol hand—in fact, his whole body—was trembling with passion. Killum ducked forward and grasped the infuriated man's wrist. As he wrenched away the pistol it went off. The bullet flattened against the balcony railing and dropped down just outside the cage door. Decius Babb struggled feebly for a moment and then collapsed.

WATCHMAN JERRY RYAN was pulling the hook of a time clock in the basement when Mr. Babb began his tirade. He rushed up a flight of marble stairs in time to hear the final threat preceding the pistol shot. He bolted to the window of cage A and saw Arthur Killum supporting the elder man into a chair near the table desk. The pistol lay on the marble tiling behind him.

"Anybody hurt?" asked Ryan.

"No, I think not," said Killum. "Mr. Babb—accidentally fired his gun. I was taking over his cash, you know. It's twenty-four thousand short. Things look bad to me, Jerry. Jump to the telephone and get hold of the cashier. If he isn't home, try the Union Club."



"Anybody hurt?" asked Ryan. "No, I think not," said Killum. "Mr. Babb—accidentally fired his gun. I was taking over his cash, you know. It's twenty-four thousand short."

The watchman hesitated and looked questioningly at Mr. Babb, who sat huddled in his chair, a picture of bewildered dejection.

"All right, Jerry; call Mr. Dee," whispered the paying teller. He was still breathing hard. Presently he rose feebly and opened the black trunk.

"Must be here somewhere," he repeated. "I know it's here." He dully fingered over the straps of paper money, mumbling the amounts and occasionally referring to his abstract of the day's work.

Mr. Babb was thus engaged when the cashier jumped out of a taxicab in front of the Mammoth Bank and hastened to the gate of cage A. Mr. Dee was forty and aggressive. He was short and square and clear-headed.

"What's the trouble here, Mr. Killum?" he asked crisply, as the latter opened the cage gate.

"Babb's cash is short—twenty-four thousand dollars. I was to take it over to-night, you know."

"That seems incredible. What's your story, Mr. Babb?"

"I don't know what to say, Mr. Dee. My cash was right at three o'clock. That is, I went over it twice—by inventory. Of course I didn't count the full straps. But I remember distinctly a strap of large bills. Really, if my cash is short— It simply can't be. I rechecked my figures, as usual. Perhaps you'll run through the stuff, Mr. Dee. My eyes seem to be playing tricks on me."

Mr. Dee's careful inventory verified Killum's figures. Decius Babb's cash was twenty-four thousand dollars short!

The old gentleman appeared to be crushed by the announcement. He paced back and forth in the cage, conducting a frenzied and aimless search, which would have been ridiculous under other circumstances. He lifted a small inkstand and looked underneath. He explored a litter of papers in the one drawer of the table desk, and soberly peered under Mr. Dee's hat.

"My cash was right at three o'clock," he mumbled doggedly, glancing at Killum. "The money is here somewhere. There were twenty-four bills. I counted them twice."

The cashier locked the trunk and took the key. Killum dangled his legs from the desk top, looking at the floor.

"Perhaps you would like to search me, Mr. Dee," he said. "In fact, I would like to have you do so for my own protection. I wish to prove that the strap of bills which Mr. Babb claims to have lost is not in my possession."

He removed his coat and vest and passed them to the cashier, who, after a moment's hesitation, proceeded to empty his pockets. They yielded a cigar case, a fountain pen, a pocketbook containing six one-dollar bills, and a handful of matches and small change—nothing else.

As if to clear himself beyond suspicion, Killum removed his other garments down to knee drawers and socks. He even jokingly offered to shed them.

WHILE Killum was dressing, the cashier leaned over the black trunk, thinking deeply. He was a warm-hearted man. And Decius Babb was an old and trusted teller. But duty demanded that he consider fact and exclude sentiment. He turned at length and told the paying teller as kindly as he could:

"I'm afraid I must notify your bondsman, Mr. Babb. It is quite possible that they will demand your arrest. I'm sorry, Babb—sorry and puzzled. I can't fathom it. You couldn't have cashed a big check and failed to record it. It isn't reasonable. But the money's gone. And we'll have a special directors' meeting to-morrow and the deuce of a row. They'll bombard you with fool questions, and—you're in bad. It'll be a tough session. Better go home and try to get a night's rest. Something may turn up yet, I suppose. Perhaps it's in your figures somewhere. Or you may have overpaid clearing."

DECIUS BABB tried to return the cashier's hopeful smile, but it was a sorry effort. He was getting old and the future looked dark. He paused at the gate and looked back uncertainly, as if he feared they would detain him.

"I'll be at home when you want me," he said brokenly.

Mr. Dee waited until the paying teller's shuffling steps had reached the locker room.

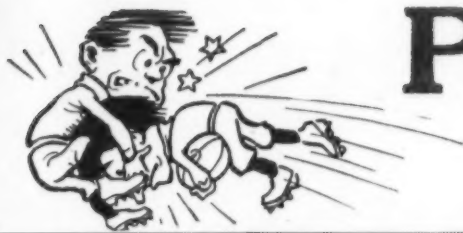
"Mr. Killum, you will pay at window A until further notice," he said. "I'll certify that your cash is short the amount claimed. Hello, what's this?"

The cashier picked up the flattened bullet and examined it with interest.

"I'm afraid Mr. Babb thought of suicide when I found the shortage," said Killum easily. "I knocked up his arm just in time. The bullet struck the balcony railing and dropped down."

"Good Lord, I didn't dream— That makes the case look different. Wish I'd known of this before. But it doesn't greatly matter, I suppose. I'll have some one keep an eye on him. I wonder if the old man has been playing the market. Suicide, eh? And Decius Babb—of all men!"

Jerry Ryan had been loafing near window A and he overheard Killum's explanation (Continued on page 33).



Pickups & Punts

By Grantland Rice

Michigan and the Conference

THE aloofness of Michigan from the Western conference means one of three things:

1. That Michigan is at fault—
2. That the conference is at fault—
3. That both are at fault.

We suspect the last is the correct guess. Some one is certainly at fault, for Michigan's athletic home and place is in the West in old-time, old-fashioned competition with Chicago, Minnesota, and Wisconsin.

We know to a certainty that the big majority of Western graduates favor the ancient competition when the Wolverine met the Badger and the Maize and Blue fluttered side by side with the Maroon.

Michigan and the Conference should get together, end this childish squabble, and fix things up. But this shouldn't end all competition between the East and the West. We believe this intersectional competition is good for the sport. Michigan within the Western ranks should still be permitted to meet Pennsylvania, whereas Chicago might drop back into her old m  le with Cornell.

Western football had a good bit of house cleaning to do some years ago, but the cleaning has been well done.

In no section is football, or collegiate sport in general, conducted upon a higher plane than in the West. But one can be reasonable as well as upright, and the time for reason is now at hand.

Let the Michigan matter be fixed up and the schedules extended so that Western elevens can compete in friendly rivalry with their head-gear brethren a trifle closer to the land of the rising sun.

Spirals

ONE lone fumble can wipe out ten hard, smashing bucks.

The guy on top of the pile isn't the one that makes the tackle—but he's too frequently the one the audience cheers.

A strong attack is a mighty defense—until the other side gets the ball.

Many a star half-back gains his ground through Yale and Harvard, only to have old Doc Catullus or J. H. Calculus throw him for a daily loss.

If football is brutal, the citizen entitled to roar about it is the one whose face is directly under some rival cleat, not the spectator fifty yards away.

Shakespeare at the game—"There is a philosophy which runs our ends, rough-house it as we will."

The Harvard Stymie

THE annual collegiate wall arose from Harvard's campus recently to the morose effect that the Crimson eleven had been overestimated—that Harvard had no such team as her championship array of 1912.

It was shown that Felton's magic and mystic punting would be missed—that Wendell's mighty rushes were gone, and that the wily Parmenter was no longer diagnosing the line play of rival teams.

All of this may be true. But there were two factors which gave America the polo and tennis championship—and which brought Mack's ball club to the crest again as rulers of the game. These factors were speed and the punch.

From end to end this is exactly what Harvard carries. And despite Yale's bulldog defense and Princeton's gameness and dash, we still look to see Harvard crowned Champion of Football's Big Three in the East.

Yale and Princeton must come forward a good bit faster and a good bit further to slip by the Crimson camping ground, and no attack or defense has yet been shown worthy of being placed upon equal footing with Houghton's wonderfully balanced machine.

Two Big Leagues

THE American League has won four consecutive world-series championships.

On the all-star or all-America club the American League shows two-thirds of the talent.

Of star veterans it carries a big majority. Of star youngsters, such as Schang and Schalk, Russell, Bush, Shawkey, Chapman, etc., it shows a margin of 2 to 1.

Where the National League leads by a turn of 4 to 1 is in political intrigue and winter-league scandal.

So we now have two big leagues—one, a big league of ball players and the other a big league of inside politics.

Nov. 1

On Memory's Wall

(Forward passing part of it to Miss Carey)

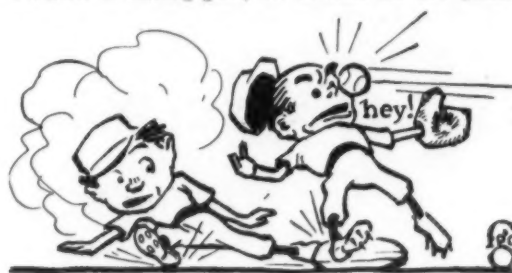
OF ALL the horrible pictures
That hang on memory's wall
Is one of a football battle
That seemeth the worst of all;
Not for the money wasted,
Counting the bets I tossed—
Not that the linesman robbed us,
Not that my college lost;
Not that the quarter fumbled
Four punts while I madly cursed,
Not that the ends were pi-eyed
It seemeth to me the worst.

I once had a little sweetheart
With eyes that were deep and dark;
Unto that game I took her
Into the football park;
Swift as a flash of lightning
The half-backs whirled the ball,
Loud as the roar of tempests
Followed the cheerers' call;
And I heard my heart beat loudly
As we smeared their full-back flat,
When my little sweetheart murmured:
"Say, LOOK at that woman's hat."

Fiercely the forwards battled
There for the tying score;
Wildly the crowd upstart,
Yelping a mighty roar;
Softly there came the whisper,
Piercing my startled ear:
"Why is that poor man running?
What is a touchdown, dear?"
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
That one of a football battle
It seemeth the worst of all.

Thorpe and Football

COLONEL JIM THORPE, who has sent his trophies back to Stockholm, but who has yet to deliver those touchdowns to West Point, has completed his first season as a Big Leaguer. Thorpe still has a chance of making good, for he likes his new game.



"There's no comparison," he told us, "between the two games so far as fun is concerned. Baseball is play, football is work. I was the only man on the Giants who was sorry the season was over."

If football was no fun for Thorpe, how much fun was it for those delegated to tackle him?

At the 19th Hole

WHITE frost has settled on the green,
The turf is soggy with the rain;
A biting gale rips out the scene
As winter stalks along the plain.

I yield it all without a sigh,
From tee to cup the lure has passed,
Where with a ready hand and eye
I get upon my game at last.

Here, bunkered at the Nineteenth Hole,
I tee my dreams up undismayed,
And driving with my pipe and bowl,
I'm dormie six on Jimmy Braid.

My brassie whirls, and clean and fair
My mashie cuts with proper spin,
And shooting out athwart the air,
The ball drops dead against the pin.

I land like Vardon on that pill
And drive old Bogey from the ring;
I'll never miss a shot until
I take a 98 next spring.

The White Fire Test

HARVARD and Yale are meeting. Two elevens composed of youngsters, hardly more than boys, come together on the field.

The game is close, clean, and hard fought. Then a punt soars up, strikes a pair of extended Yale hands, is captured by a Crimson player, and the game is lost.

This play, which should be merely an incident in the friendly romp of two sets of young collegians, at once assumes the importance of a national calamity—or disgrace. Glaring headlines carry the story of the offender's rank muff, and if he had committed murder, arson, or burglary the printed type couldn't carry any greater shock to his soul.

Through all this vast advertising the mistake is carried from one State to another and is talked about through years beyond. The offender, in many ways, never gets over it. He carries the scar upon his heart or soul for an indefinite period of time. They say this is the "white-fire test" for the survival of the fittest.

But aren't we rather overdoing the importance of the sin which loses a battle—overplaying at the same time the importance of the hero who saves or wins the game? We know of at least three football men who, after losing big games by certain pardonable mistakes, have been almost crushed for long periods of time afterward. Such a situation is bad enough in the professional end of the game. In the collegiate order it is unpardonable. It has lifted football from the plane of friendly competition—a friendly romp—which football should be, into a matter of national importance—which it isn't. With all the publicity given the big games, the remedy for such cruelty and injustice is beyond us. We only know such things shouldn't be—that such an unfair situation should be corrected.

Mathewson

ANOTHER world series has passed into history and the resonant chorus from the war clubs of Collins and Baker is now an anthem of ancient history.

It is an old story now of how the wonderful Mack-lan machine triumphed—of how Collins loomed as the greatest ball player of the game—of how the mighty Baker continued his cannonade, and how the crafty Bender attached his fourth straight world-series win—of how "old man" Plank blinded Time with his speed and proved to be far better at forty than he ever was at twenty, thirty, or thirty-five.

But these were from the victors where the cheering grows on fertile ground. Out of the lot it remained for one to be hailed as wonderful in 1913 defeat as he was in 1905 victory.

The game has produced its hundreds who were heroes of victory. But it has produced but one who still remained upon the topmost hill regardless of the outcome of battle. It has produced but one in connection with whose fame the final score meant nothing.

Mathewson has now pitched eleven world-series games. In that time, over an eight-year span, four have been shutouts, and in three of the remaining seven games not a run has been earned.

Facing the greatest slugging club the game ever saw, he held it without an earned run in nineteen innings of two contests. And he turned this trick with a club behind him that had neither defense nor attack to offer. There is only one Matty after all.

Heffelfinger the Has-Been

ALL this admiration and reverence and rot for old-time football stars makes me weary," quoth a somber and sedate Yale sophomore recently as he looked on from the side-lines.

"They have ten good football players to-day where they used to have one—and they know about ten times as much football."

Important—if correct. But just about that moment an old has-been by the name of Pudgy Heffelfinger stepped out and took his place on the Yale second eleven, working against the first team. And all that Mr. Heffelfinger, who had shuffled off the moleskin over twenty years ago, could do was to rip out three-fourths of the varsity line and scatter the attack to the October winds. The varsity quarter at last discovered Mr. Heffelfinger's weakness, which happened to be a wide end run around the other part of the line.

Yes, the old guard were no good. Michigan has had a lot better men than Willie Heston, but in some manner or fashion we have forgotten their names. And so has Hurry-up Yost.

The Responsibility of the Community

IT IS perhaps the surest warrant that we are at length gathering our forces to grapple seriously with the problem of venereal disease, that it is possible for me to discuss it thus publicly without shocking the alleged sense of decency of the community.

But few years since no member of the medical faculty would have dared to undertake a task which would have resulted in nothing but unfavorable criticism and a slim audience. These conditions, like the organisms which cause them, do not thrive in the light of day; the most serious handicap in the attempt to get them in hand has been our congenital unwillingness to drag them out where they could be properly studied. When the time shall have arrived when we shall consider them not as loathsome pests but as diseases which seriously handicap the efficiency of the population, we shall be well started on the highroad to their proper care and management.

The Widening Scourge

LEST there should be some doubt as to precisely what I intend to discuss, let me define venereal diseases as morbid conditions which arise wholly or in part from the relation between the sexes. I must at this point remind you that it should never be forgotten that there is no form of venereal disease which is not often innocently acquired, and that our former attitude toward such diseases involved damning the innocent with the guilty. To be specific, I propose to discuss our responsibility for the widespread incidence of syphilis and gonococcus infections.

Of late years, in a laudable desire to impress people with the importance and seriousness of these conditions, much quasi-public discussion has taken place, and inevitably there has been introduced an element of exaggeration due to the wish to make statements impressive. There is no need for exaggeration; the facts are sufficiently striking.

We have of late years heard much about the frequency and serious consequences of tuberculosis; it has even been dubbed the "white plague," and so active has been the campaign that a widespread understanding of this serious disease has resulted. It may safely be averred that in the urban population at least there are two, and perhaps three, individuals with syphilis to every one with tuberculosis. The frequency of gonococcus infection is much higher. It has been stated upon high authority that as much as 80 per cent of the male population acquire a gonococcus infection at some period in their career, and though I believe this to be perhaps above the mark, it may safely be stated at over half of the male population.

The Long Train of By-Results

IT IS far more difficult to collect any satisfactory data in regard to the female population. This disease is, however, at least in the large cities, an exceedingly common one, and it is important to remember that little girls from the ages of one and a half to ten are infected, generally accidentally, in a large number of cases. It is moreover, in my opinion, rapidly increasing among young women, due to the greater economic freedom which they now possess. Let me again repeat that we are in no danger of overestimating the importance of these conditions if we remember their great frequency and the long train of by-results which, in the public mind at least, are rarely associated with the diseases themselves.

The public must be taught that practically all the patients with locomotor ataxia and paresis owe their troubles to an antecedent syphilis, that one of the most important causes of the stiffening of the blood vessels, known as arterio-sclerosis, is syphilis, and that certain forms of "heart disease" have the same origin. They must realize that a large number of blind children owe their disability to a gonococcus



By Dr. Hugh Cabot

Dr. Cabot is one of the eminent physicians of America. His standing abroad is equally high. He is simple, unostentatious, efficient, a thoroughly scientific practitioner, a wise and gentle man. Nor is Dr. Cabot a man who has felt his duty done when he has prescribed for the individual. An intelligent concern for the effect of pain and disease upon the whole social body has been one of his characteristics. To that concern the readers of Collier's are indebted for these solemn words upon a theme at once urgent and distressing. Dr. Cabot is President of the American Association of Genito-Urinary Surgeons, a member of the faculty of the Harvard Medical School, and one of the chief surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital at Boston.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. H. TAFFS

infection at birth and that syphilis is a by no means unimportant cause of blindness in children. To the gonococcus must be charged a large proportion of the sterility in both sexes, and to the score must be added the misery of many women whose fertility ends with their first confinement. Taking these facts into consideration, it may fairly be doubted whether the economic value of the community is to-day equally diminished by any other disease. It must be sufficiently clear that they are, at least from an economic point of view, of such an importance as to justify a careful search for the causes of their being and the means of their removal or mitigation. No sound comprehension of their relation to society can

be had except by at once appreciating that they have their foundation in the play of the great forces which are at the basis of life itself.

We Have Turned an Instinct Loose

THE great moving forces of life are hunger and the sex instinct—self-preservation and reproduction. Surprisingly enough, we have dealt very differently in our developing civilization with these two great forces. We have dealt carefully, thoughtfully, and intelligently with the production and oversight of our food supply, and though much still remains to be done in this direction we have gone a long distance in guarding ourselves against those diseases which arise directly, or indirectly, from this cause.

With the other great moving force, the sex instinct, we have dealt, as it seems to me, with a surprising lack of intelligence. In fact it can hardly be said that we have dealt with it at all, since we have persistently refused to look the facts in the face and to deal with these facts in the same scientific spirit which we apply to other problems of far less importance. For centuries, practically for all time, we have allowed the great forces of sex to play without guidance and have trusted to a blind instinct to guide those who can be guided only by specific knowledge. We have pursued the policy of silence and suppression and if anyone has a tendency to be satisfied with the results of this policy let him look well to his facts, among the most obvious and striking of which are the prevalence of venereal disease and the profession of prostitution.

In any civilized community years are spent in the instruction of the young in regard to the management of the instinct of hunger. We literally beat it into their heads that if they eat green apples they will have a stomachache. We have a sound realization of the fact that the care of their bodies in general is essential to their economic utility, and we have for years passed laws and

expended money in teaching the dire results which come from the consumption of alcohol. On the contrary, in regard to the equally vital question of the management of the sex instinct we not only give substantially no instruction, but with our full knowledge and consent allow the paths which our children must travel to be beset with mantraps. Sensual plays, books, pictures, stimulate sex without feeding it, create hunger but point no road to its satisfaction. We have apparently no realizing sense that unless the forces thus brought into play are guided by knowledge and warning, by precept and example, they can hardly fail to end in disaster.

I am not one of those who believe that the stimulation of sex from the causes above specified should be avoided, nor do I believe that the stimulation can be avoided if we would; but it seems to me utterly illogical that we should assume no responsibility for results so obvious. Our policy in this regard has perhaps been chiefly dictated by a fear that attempts at instruction might still further stimulate without supplying sufficient knowledge for guidance. Those who have fought against heavy odds for instruction in questions of sex have been met by this almost instinctive fear. It is perhaps best exemplified by our persistent unwillingness to instruct growing girls in the phenomena of sex, and yet it must be abundantly clear that the amount of misery which accrues to women as the direct result of ignorance of their sexual organization is a most serious blot upon our present civilization. We continue to deplore the fact that girls will insist upon marrying, in the face of sound advice to the contrary, men known to have communicable disease. It is beyond belief that they would thus hurry to their own destruction did they have any sound realization of the questions at issue. Women are believed to be constitutionally cautious and yet in this respect they apparently act in a most

incautious way. No sound explanation can be furnished other than that they entirely fail to understand the situation, which is after all sufficiently complicated to require considerable time and thought for its comprehension.

THE CRUELTY OF IGNORANCE

QUITE as unjustifiable is the ignorance in which we keep our boys. The majority who acquire venereal disease do so in the first flush of their sexual vanity. In my opinion, and I have had some opportunity to judge, the vast majority are totally ignorant of the natural and probable consequences of their acts, and the disease which they acquire is almost directly the result of the ignorance which we force upon them. We may hold the view that it is not wise to protect the fool from the consequences of his folly, but it is little short of cruel to forbid him to know what these consequences are, and we must surely hold him blameless for whatever results follow.

Let us look at a slightly different aspect of this question, though one which we cannot refuse to consider. Whether we like it or not, the economic independence of women is a fact, and one of the most pressing requirements of the times is to assist women to find their proper place in our rapidly changing civilization. Of this independence I for one wholly approve, but I cannot blind myself to certain inevitable consequences of this newly acquired freedom. The protected life for women is a thing of the past, and they are to-day exposed to the same strains and stresses, morally, intellectually, and physically, as are their brothers. There is abundant evidence that we are preparing to protect them from the undesirable consequences of undue physical strain, and to my mind it is no less important to protect them against the moral pressure which they are certain to find in the open world. I have seen no reason to believe that they are better equipped by nature to withstand this strain than are their brothers. The evidence seems to me clear that by denying opportunities of knowledge, we have not efficiently protected women in the past, and this method of alleged protection will surely be more inefficient in the future.

KNOWLEDGE THE ONLY SAFEGUARD

IF they are to be protected it will be by knowledge and not by ignorance. Unpalatable as the facts may be, we may as well look them in the face now as later. Absolute sexual ignorance on the part of economically independent women is not to be expected and is not a fact. To very many of these women sexual experience in some form or other will come outside of marriage. I am well aware that this is at variance with commonly accepted belief, but we must remember that the majority of economically

independent women are employed in factories, stores, and shops. Their wages barely provide the necessities of life and leave nothing over for wholesome recreation. To them comes loneliness in an aggravated form, and all around them are the means of freeing themselves. If they are to pass through this moral pressure unscathed they can do so only as the result of the broadest knowledge that it is in our power to give them. There is no sound reason why we should deal differently in matters of instruction with our girls than with our boys, though the nature of the instruction which they must have must be suited to their obvious structural differences in moral as well as physical fiber.

NO SALVATION IN CLASS

IT is perhaps hardly necessary at this time to dispose of certain catch phrases which are used to support our policy of silence and compulsory ignorance, and yet I can hardly suppose that these phrases have not been tried upon most, or all, of you. It has been the custom to declare that venereal disease was the result of depravity and wickedness, and the boy or girl who acquired one was turned off as having received the natural and preordained punishment for sin. We have been gravely told that these diseases are a natural check upon an unnatural desire. To this it may truthfully be answered that if the acquisition of venereal disease is proof of sin, then two-thirds of the population are wicked. For, mind you, these diseases are not confined to one class. They are not diseases of the uneducated or the degenerate. Their frequency is practically equal in all classes. The only way in which classes differ is that the uneducated and poor get worse treatment and therefore a higher mortality and morbidity. To bring an indictment for crime against half the population is the height of absurdity and as a result we simply indict ourselves. As a natural check upon an unnatural desire it seems to have been rather a failure, since there is no evidence in history of any considerable tendency to the diminution of these diseases. As for being an unnatural desire it is scarcely logical to dub the sex instinct unnatural, and the only unnatural thing about it is that so important an instinct should be allowed to develop without knowledge or instruction.

I have perhaps made it sufficiently clear that our policy of silence and the encouragement of ignorance has yielded nothing but failure, and we may now properly inquire how we may do better in the future.

LAW'S CANNOT MAKE MORALS

FROM time immemorial we have turned at crises such as these to the Anglo-Saxon faith in the law and have tried by measures more or less severe to cure



There is no sound reason why we should deal differently in matters of instruction with our girls than with our boys



**We pick them
at sunrise—**

Red-ripe solid Jersey tomatoes with the dew standing on them, and flashing out among the vines.

The fruit at that hour is cold and firm. When you open it the juice glistens temptingly; and the delicious flavor is like nothing else in the world.

That is what you get in

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

We make these perfect tomatoes into soup the day they are picked. The Campbell process retains all their native quality and freshness and their delightful aroma.

All the other ingredients are equally choice and tempting. And our exclusive blending-formula produces a result so inviting and so wholesome that experts agree in classing Campbell's as the standard of perfect tomato soup.

Wouldn't your family enjoy it again today?



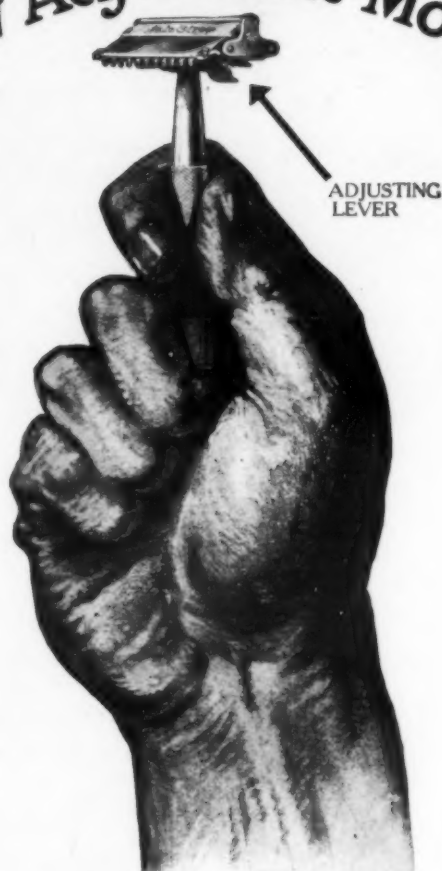
21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bouillon	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken-Gumbo	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
(Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato	

"This luscious soup just hits my taste. It keeps me strong and steady. No work, no waste. No fuss, no haste. Three minutes — and it's ready."

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ONE touch with the thumb on the adjusting lever and you set the guard in any position desired. The only razor on the market in which adjustability for any kind of a shave is secured without disturbing the shaving angle of the blade—therefore thoroughly practical.

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the evil. I desire to point out to you the utter inefficacy of the law when it comes into the sphere of morals, for morality is a highly variable business, changing radically with a changing civilization and never quite the same for any two individuals. Then again that which is immoral is not necessarily a crime.

If we define crime as that which is highly antisocial in its result, it appears that the distinction between that which is immoral and that which is criminal lies in the fact that morality applies to the individual, and may or may not affect society in an antisocial way. Moreover the law does not create public opinion and can at best only register it. Any law which is seriously at variance with average public opinion, even though privately expressed, promptly becomes a dead letter, and if it has any effect at all it is to bring the law in general into disrepute. And yet, obvious as this truth appears to us, it is with the greatest difficulty that those most earnest in the cause of reform can be convinced that they cannot create virtue by law.

It may be worth while to drive home this fact by seeing how it has worked in practice. In the Commonwealth of Massachusetts it is a felony to produce or attempt to produce an abortion except for the purpose of saving a woman's life threatened by disease. Yet criminal abortion is done in spite of the severity of the penalty. It is not of the slightest use to present to a jury convincing evidence of the fact that abortions are being done by certain individuals. So impossible is it to get conviction that the district attorneys will not try these cases, and at the present time unless an abortion results in the death of the woman nothing can be done about it. Yet the procuring of abortions is a matter about which there is comparatively little difference of opinion. We should most of us be willing to admit that it is a highly undesirable practice, but when called upon as members of a jury to convict we practically never do so. In practice, the law is of value only in punishing quasi-medical murder.

CONSIDER THE SPEAK-EASY

ANOTHER interesting, widely known example is the effect of the prohibition law in the State of Maine. For many years the sale of intoxicating liquors has been prohibited, and yet anyone familiar with the facts will admit that there is not the slightest difficulty in obtaining alcohol, generally bad, in any city in the State. All attempts to enforce the law have failed. One scandal after another has made the State the laughingstock of the country, and yet it is so easy to believe that the other fellow ought to be good that the law remains upon the statute books to breed nothing but an utter contempt for law.

To approach more directly our present problem let us consider the effect of the wisdom of the New York Legislature which was persuaded by moral enthusiasts to raise the age of consent for girls to eighteen. Promptly the law became a dead letter. One judge openly declared that he would not inflict the penalty while he was on the bench, and the Committee of Fourteen in reviewing the situation in 1910 pointed out that prosecution under the law had practically disappeared. The absurdity of the law itself must be patent to all, for while the law of the State holds that a girl of seventeen is entirely competent to marry and assume the responsibility of her family, it in the same breath declares her a child without discretion, and incompetent to decide as to the natural and probable consequences of her own acts.

UNENFORCEABLE LEGISLATION

IT would be entirely possible to continue indefinitely the enumeration of laws intended to raise the level of morality in the community, which, because they are not suited to existing public opinion, promptly become null and void. Sooner or later we shall come to a fuller realization of the fact that in the moral sphere legislation cannot act in a coercive way and that the severity of the penalty only enhances the improbability of conviction. At best, legislation on these matters can only record, and, so to speak, anchor public opinion, and it is probably better to trust to educational methods of raising moral standards than to bring the law into disrepute by unenforceable legislation. I desire to record my opinion that no important advance

will be made in the curbing of venereal disease and prostitution by the enactment of law, and that we must look to education if we expect results.

WHERE TO BEGIN

THE campaign for education is by no means new. It has been prosecuted vigorously by a few enlightened individuals for many years, has drawn in recruits regularly with the increased enlightenment of the public conscience, but will not come into its own until that public conscience thoroughly realizes its own responsibility. However, very distinct results may be seen if I may judge by my own professional career. Ten years ago the average man took his uncured gonococcus infection rather lightly. To-day the consulting rooms of the expert are crowded with men demanding in the most positive way to know beyond the shadow of a doubt that they are finally and permanently free from their disability. On the whole, the attitude of the male portion of the population has been encouragingly enlightened and no serious obstruction to education need be expected in that quarter.

This is perhaps neither the time nor the place for me to discuss in detail the methods of education.

Let me say at the outset, however, that this education is not the business of the medical profession. Their duty, except in so far as they are members of the community at large, begins and ends with pointing out the means of diagnosis and the methods of cure of disease. They are no more competent to show the best methods of instruction in matters of sex than are their intellectual equals in other walks of life. On many of these questions the trained pedagogue is in many ways the best witness and can tell us with greatest certainty how we may effectively apply the remedy. To the public conscience, however, and not to the medical or pedagogical specialists, belongs the decision that education must turn its light upon this matter.

We may, I think, make bold to assume that most of you have experienced the dangers and difficulties of our past policy sufficiently acutely to be willing to admit that the only road likely to lead to safety lies in education. Just how and to what extent education should be carried is at the present time largely a matter of opinion. If, however, we are to make any considerable progress we must begin the attack at three points.

First, and most obviously, we must educate parents, for upon them, for the present at least, will fall the responsibility of guiding public opinion and enforcing the demand for education. No one can deny that the most effective instruction of the boy or girl arriving at sexual maturity comes from a properly informed parent. At the present time not one parent in a hundred is equipped to give this instruction in such a form as to get results. It therefore becomes the immediate duty of the adult members of the race to inform themselves fully upon these questions of sex.

A RIGHT OF YOUTH

THE next most obvious point of attack is the instruction of young children in the basic facts and phenomena of reproduction. Children's minds are far simpler than those of the adult and often show a merciless logic which paralyzes the parent bent upon evasion. We may with perfect safety teach these children the nature and principles of reproduction, and lead them along by progressive and natural stages to that most difficult period in their career, their sexual maturity.

With a plan of campaign thus outlined probably no one will quarrel. Our differences will come in deciding what we shall say to the boy or girl approaching puberty. This question divides itself into two parts. First, what we shall say and, second, who shall say it. For my part I must frankly admit that I believe that the youth of both sexes are entitled at this time to the fullest information that we can give them in regard to the nature and function of sex. Boys must particularly be warned in regard to the sexual storms with which they are sure to be beset in their early years of maturity, for many a boy has worried himself into a most undesirable nervous condition by a simple failure to understand obvious physiological facts. The girl must clearly be informed of the nature of the function of menstruation that she may guard herself against un-

due strain at these times. The attempt to guard her by rules and regulations which she could not understand, as in the past, commonly resulted in failure. Most people will probably be willing to go with me up to this point, beyond this perhaps few will follow.

PROPER TEACHERS WILL BE FOUND

SEEING as I do so many lives injured or even wrecked by the results of venereal disease acquired through ignorance, I cannot avoid the conclusion that these boys and girls should be instructed in the nature of these diseases and their probable methods of acquisition just as we instruct them in the methods of avoiding tuberculosis and typhoid fever.

I know I shall be met with the assertion that to tell, particularly to the growing girl, the tragic story of venereal disease, is to do her infinite damage by showing her at the outset of life its trials and evidences of wickedness. Many believe that the shock thus given will do damage which we cannot repair. To these, I can only say that if the facts are presented in a wholesome, understanding way they can do far less harm than the diseases which may thus be avoided. Those who come in contact with the results of venereal disease only accidentally and largely through the medium of literature, perhaps fail to realize that these provide shocks which are quite as real and leave legacies which are far more permanent.

If the minds of these growing girls are such delicate structures that they cannot survive the knowledge of the facts, they will hardly live long in the unprotected

atmosphere of economic independence. That the giving of this instruction is a delicate and difficult business few will deny. That it should be given, where possible, by the parents all will agree; but unfortunately the fact remains that few parents are at the present time equipped for the task and it is idle to hope that all will ever be so equipped.

On the other hand we see, not very rarely, individuals, both men and women, whose ability to comprehend the minds of young people is little short of astonishing. To such may be safely intrusted this delicate task and as time goes on we shall discover, more and more, who can teach in this field and who had best leave the work to others. Demand has always created supply. When we ask loudly enough for such teachers I warrant they will be forthcoming.

EDUCATION THE SOLE HOPE

IF in this short space I have succeeded in making clear that venereal diseases are a frightful tax upon our economic efficiency; that our policy of silence and regulation by law, as in the past, has been a gross failure; and that in the future we must look to education for success, my time has been well spent.

I do not desire to be dogmatic as to the means by which education can best get to the root of the matter, and I am perfectly willing to trust to the public conscience when once that conscience has become aroused to the fact that in education and in education alone lies our hope of salvation.

The Man Wanted

By WALT MASON

NEVER was there such a clamor for the man who knows his trade! Whether with a pen or hammer, whether with a brush or spade he's equipped, the world demands him, calls upon him for his skill, and on pay day gladly hands him rolls of roubles from its till. Little boots it what his trade is, building bridges, shoeing mules—men will come from Cork and Cadiz to engage him and his tools. All the world is busy hunting for the workman who's supreme, whether he is best at punting or at flavoring ice cream.

Up and down the land are treading men who find this world a frost, toiling on for board and bedding, in an age of hustling lost. "We have never had fair chances, Fortune ever used us sore," they complain, as age advances, and the poorhouse lies before. "Handy men are we," they mutter, "masters of a dozen trades, yet we can't earn bread and butter, much less jams and marmalades. When we ask a situation, stern employers cry again: 'Chase yourselves! This weary nation crowded is with handy men! Learn one thing and learn it fully, learn in something to excel, then you'll find this old world bully—it will please you passing well!' Thus reply the stern employers when for work we sadly plead, saying we are farmers, sawyers, tinkers, tailors gone to seed. So we sing our doleful chorus as adown the world we wind, for the poorhouse lies before us, and the free lunch lies behind."

While this tragedy's unfolding in each corner of the land, men of skill are still beholding chances rise on every hand; men who learned one thing and learned it up and down and to and fro, got reward because they earned it—men who study, men who know. If you're raising sweet potatoes, see that they're the best on earth; if you're rearing alligators, see that they're of special worth; if you're shoeing dromedaries, shoe the brutes with all your might; if you're peddling trained canaries, let your birds be out of sight. Whatever you are doing, do it well and with a will, and you'll find the world pursuing, offering to buy your skill.



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—from plants grown on *The Premier Soil* for Burley.

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Judge if any other brand smokes like it.

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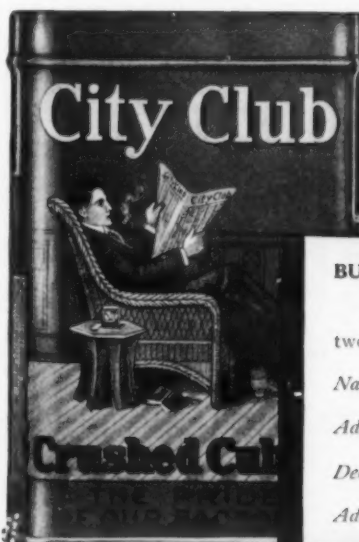
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The Carter's Ink are dressed in proper colors for red and black or blue ink.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Ink are at home with all the best stationers, and may be secured for adoption with a purchase of a given quantity of Carter's Inks or adhesives.

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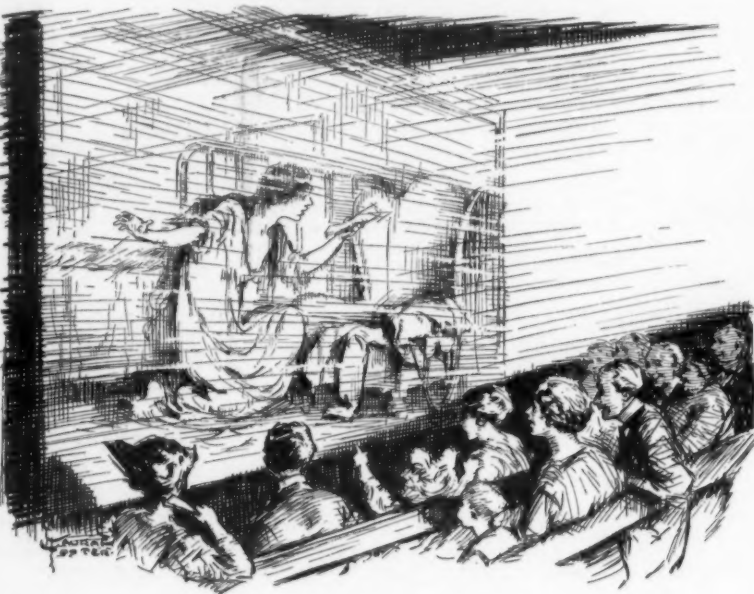
Stop Forgetting

Increase Your Efficiency
The great secret of business and social success is the ability to remember. I can make your mind an infallible classifying index from which you can instantly select thoughts, facts, figures, names, faces, arguments. I will enable you to concentrate, develop self-control, overcome self-consciousness, bashfulness, think on your feet and intelligently address an audience without notes. My method is easy, clear, simple, infallible. It is not a theory, but scientific and practical, endorsed by such notables as Albert Einstein, Prof. Swine, etc. It is the result of 20 years' experience in developing memories—over 50,000 students. I want to prove all I claim, so write today for copy of my book "How to Remember" FREE—also learn how to obtain FREE copy of my book "How to Succeed in Public."



Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal
Dickson School of Memory, 771 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

How a Moving-Picture Play Is Written



By LEWIS ALLEN

WANTED: MOVING-PICTURE PLAYS.
Anyone can write them. The demand is rapidly increasing. No special training necessary. Big money for YOU.
The Wide World Company, Cross-Rhoades, Ohio.

LUCY JONES, the little school-teacher out in Green Gap, Dak., was one of the many thousands who read this advertisement. "No special training necessary" caught her eye, but not at first. The first thing that caught her eye was "Big money for you." Then she went to her room and wrote a moving-picture play.

She had been to the "movies" and, of course, believed she had a pretty good idea of how it should be written. After it was written she read it over and over and it seemed good. She had told of the limpid blue eyes of the heroine and the curly, nut-brown hair of the hero, and she called a score of adjectives into use in describing the love scene down by the lake on a moonlight evening.

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR MOVIE PLAY

AWAY went the moving-picture play to the Wide World Company out in Cross-Rhoades, Ohio. She figured out the days it would take for it to get there, doubled that for the return trip, and allowed two more days in which the editor should read and accept her play.

True to her reckoning—as far as time was concerned—there came a letter from the Wide World Company. She was informed that her scenario ("Scenario?" muttered Miss Jones. "I didn't write a scenario, I wrote a moving-picture play") was at hand and showed unusual promise, but—

Play readers have no time for putting stories into proper form for production, wherefore it becomes necessary for you to acquire a certain technical knowledge of how to write your plots in picture form before they will be accepted.

For the extremely modest fee of \$20, payable in small installments, we will send you our course in Photo-Play Writing. It will enable you to find a steady market for your work. As high as \$100 is paid for some scenarios, and an expert can write one moving-picture play a day in spare time.

Then followed reams of printed literature, as convincing as cold type can be. The concern in the throbbing metropolis of Cross-Rhoades, Ohio (you noticed that address, of course? Miss Lucy Jones did not) may or may not get Miss Jones's \$20, but it gets some one's twenty and a great many of them.

The course consists of printed instructions. There is no misuse of the mails. The concerns are doing a legitimate business, so far as that goes. All this is chronicled merely to show how 149 out of every 150 moving-picture plays are written.

That is the ratio set by the concerns buying moving-picture plays. They keep a big staff of readers, and more and more the amateurs flood them with manuscripts all the way from an "original" suggestion like: "Have a woman think her husband is dead and marry again and her husband comes back and sees her happy and goes away without letting her know he is alive," to a story almost as long as "East Lynne."

Recently there has been raised quite a hue and cry about the "stealing" of moving-picture plots.

"I know positively," one ambitious (but unsuccessful) writer assured me not long ago, "that such and such a company keeps an editor who goes through the manuscripts, steals the good ideas, sends back the manuscripts and writes the plays himself. He is on a salary. He gets \$150 a week, and he writes about ten a week, so you see—"

Scenario editors do not get \$150 a week. Neither do they steal moving-picture plays, either outright or by pilfering the ideas from them. Scenario editors will offer from \$3 to \$10 for an idea in a miserably handled scenario, and hand it to an expert, who gladly takes the idea and puts it into shape for about \$10 or \$15 more.

Whenever anyone sends them a really good scenario they buy it, and they pay what it is worth—from \$10 to \$25 for a single-reel scenario; from \$15 to \$50 for a two-reel, and from \$50 to \$75 for a three-reel. Furthermore, if it is unusually good, they tack a little more on for encouragement and rush this check back to the author with the request that he or she continue writing and sending their scenarios to them.

A "reel" is one length of film and will run about seventeen minutes. In a two-reel show the average drama can be portrayed. In a three-reel show a long melodrama or one of Shakespeare's shorter plays, like "The Taming of the Shrew," can be reproduced.

ACTION IS THE WORD

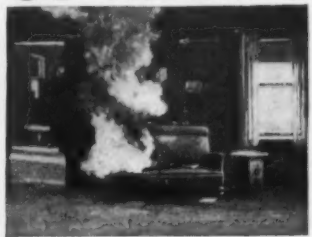
BUT to get back to Miss Lucy Jones. Her "moving-picture play" was really an interesting little romance. Why, then, should it fail? It would make a readable story, but it consisted for the most part of clever dialogue between the hero and heroine. There was no action. If all these amateurs would consider, just for a moment, that all they see on the screen is action, they would understand.

The author may make Mary say to John, "Monster, I read that note in your pocket and I am going home to mother!" That will never get over in the "movies," but let the audience see Mary find the letter in John's pocket, read it with staring eyes, weep and rave and confront him with it when he gets home, and take her hat and suit case and depart, and the audience knows all about it.

Little Miss Jones described the limpid blue eyes of the heroine and the nut-

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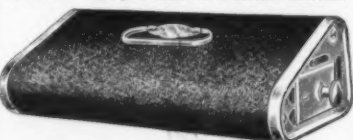
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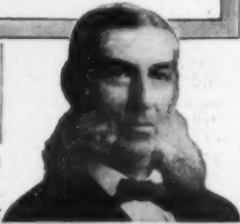
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"Soft Spots" Heel Cushions worn inside the shoe, take up the jar when walking, and make it a beautiful pleasure—are instantly adjusted to any shoe. Price, 25c. State shoe size. "Soft Spots" combined Heel and Arch Cushions for flat feet and fallen arches. Price, \$1.00. If your dealer hasn't "Soft Spots" write to ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY, New York Office, 258 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.

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brown hair of the hero. Did you ever detect limpid blue eyes or nut-brown hair in any of the moving-picture shows it was your good fortune to attend?

WHY ONLY 1 IN 150 IS ACCEPTED

NOT long ago a scenario was handed to me with the request that I read it. The author admitted he had sent it nearly everywhere, but thought perhaps I could tell him of a few concerns he had overlooked. It was a weird piece of work. The villain had murdered a man long ago and got his money. One day long after, having enjoyed the murdered man's money for years, the murderer's automobile broke down in the country. It was night and he did not notice where he was. A thunder storm came up. He took shelter under a tree. Lightning struck the tree and in this tree a bullet had been imbedded many years. The lightning forced the bullet out, it struck the murderer and killed him. It was the same bullet he had used in killing his victim years before! His victim had stood beneath that very tree! As the murderer died a flash of lightning revealed all this to him!

And there you are. Simple little thing. And a thriller! Think of the tragedy, the irony, the—well, just think of it. There are five reasons why this could not be produced. They are:

Murder—Film censors will throw it all out. Murders are barred.

Night—The only way to make an exterior moving picture at night would be by means of a "continuous" flash light. Then it would look like day-light picture.

Rain—Did you ever try to make good snapshot photographs with your lens shutter at highest speed and the object of your picture under a tree during a rain? In classic words, "It can't be done."

Lightning Striking a Tree—Even the most expert moving-picture photographers have not succeeded as yet in getting the elements to do their bidding. Then again, it might be a bit difficult to secure a moving-picture actor who would consent to stand under a tree and be struck by lightning, providing the lightning would oblige.

Bullet—Just how would the camera man go about showing the bullet being dislodged from the tree and fatally wounding the murderer?

This is another reason why 149 out of every 150 moving-picture scenarios are returned to the authors—providing they inclose stamps. There is still another reason, going from grim tragedy to soothing pastoral; here it is:

Violet hummed a blithesome tune, and the well sweep squeaked an accompaniment as she drew up a bucketful of water. Her lover was coming to see her that evening, and evening was only three hours away.

Very pretty, but will the audience sit and see Violet yank up water and keep her mouth going for three hours until the lover comes? They cannot hear the well sweep creak. Perhaps it is still more fortunate that they cannot hear Violet sing. If the idea in the scenario is good, this is what will happen to that scene:

Violet drawing water at well—looks anxiously down road—lover creeps out from corner of house and surprises her—she drops bucket in well—he embraces her—her father rushes out and threatens him—etc., etc.

No words are wasted about the lover being three hours away, or Violet's blithesome tune, or the squeaking well sweep. About the time the audience learns from the way Violet looks down the road that she expects some one—and, being young, the chances are nine to one it is her lover—the lover jumps out, kisses her, father catches them, and there is good live, entertaining action.

Granting it is really a good plot, the one who sent in the description of the blithesome song and the squeak either had his scenario returned, or was offered about \$3 for the idea. The one who sent in the skeleton outline was the one hundred and fiftieth. He got a check for about \$25.

WHAT TO WRITE

WRITE a clever plot that can be described entirely with action. Do not write anything you could not photograph.

Omit the gruesome accidents, murders, and brutalities—the board of censors will not allow them.

Do not tell the actors, in your scenario, that "Hortense on her bended knees exclaimed 'Forgive me, Horatio, I did it in a moment of anger.'" The actors will put the expression in. The words mean nothing. Simply write "Hortense, on knees, begs forgiveness of Horatio." That is sufficient. Leave it to whoever plays the part of Hortense to put a world of pathos and despair or whatever else is needed into her face. That's her business. She makes her expression tell the story. You have wasted words.

A letter may be flashed on the screen, but never a long explanation. If the story cannot be told in action, with the aid of a letter or telegram actually written by the characters, it will not be accepted. You might work all the epigrams of Wilde and all the satire of Shaw into a moving-picture scenario and it would be worthless, but the foolish antics of Eddie Foy would make an instant hit.

Here is a moving-picture scenario in the "Picture Form"—that is, in the form the producers desire it. If you send it in this form you may be sure it will be read, providing it is typewritten:

THE SPITE FENCE

A Photo-play Comedy

SCENE PLOT

Exterior—Adjoining yards, 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 14.
Interior—Marjorie's room, 3.
Interior—Carpenter shop, 5.
Interior—Jack's room, 2, 4.
Exterior—Street scene, 10.
Exterior—Street front clergyman's, 11, 13.
Interior—Clergyman's house, 12.

CAST

MARJORIE
JACK
MARJORIE'S FATHER
CLERGYMAN
CLERGYMAN'S WIFE
CARPENTERS

SYNOPSIS

(Jack and Marjorie live in adjoining houses, narrow yard between, divided by small picket fence. Driveway to garage on Jack's side. Jack and Marjorie are spooning over the fence when her father comes out and sends her in the house. He and Jack wave fists at



She climbs out of window, first tossing down handbag, and slides down fence on a cushion into his arms

A Duty to Society



What is a burglar? A degenerate—a cowardly, sick-minded degenerate who prowls at night like a rat—in bedrooms of women and children—tense, cringing, always a deadly menace—as deadly as a poisonous snake or a mad dog.

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each other excitedly. Marjorie's head appears at her chamber window, Jack goes in, looks out his chamber window, they throw kisses at each other. Her father discovers this, puts up ladder, closes blinds and padlocks them, then goes in house. Marjorie rips several slats from blind, continues flirting. Jack puts note on telescope steel fishing rod and reaches it across to her. Her father has a high spite fence built, so high Jack cannot look over. Jack saws the supports, tips it back against Marjorie's house, she slides down on sofa cushion into his arms, his auto is ready, and they elope. Marjorie's father tries to crawl under fence where it is ripped up, but is caught and held prisoner until they return, when Jack shows marriage certificate, and releases the old man, who forgives them.)

THE SCENES

1

Yard between Marjorie and Jack's house.

(They are spooning over the dividing picket fence. Her father comes out and sends her into the house, shakes fist at Jack, goes in. Marjorie sticks head from chamber window. They throw kisses, her father comes around corner of house, sees her. Jack goes in house: Marjorie's father puts up ladder and closes her blinds, locks them with padlock and chain, goes away. She tears out some of slats in blinds and continues flirtation.)

2

Jack's room.

(Can see Marjorie looking through broken blind across yard—Jack writes note, puts it on steel fishing rod, and reaches it across to her.)

[Letter flashed on screen:]

DEAR MADGE: I won't stand any more nonsense from your father. Will have my car ready in a minute, come down and we will elope. Your father has gone downtown. JACK.

3

Marjorie's room.

(She reads letter. Writes another, motions to him to extend rod, places it on hook.)

4

Jack's room.

(He draws in letter, reads it, is in despair.)

[Letter flashed on screen:]

DEAREST JACK: Auntie is downstairs, keeping watch. I cannot get out. Try and think of some way to get me out. Yours always, MADGE.

5

Carpenter shop.

(Men working. Marjorie's father enters, very angry, talks with boss carpenter, measures with his arms, carpenters grin and agree.)

6

LEADER: "Building the spite fence."

Yard between houses.

(Picket fence has been removed. Tall posts are up and carpenters are nailing on boards. The fence will reach above Marjorie's window.)

7

Fence completed.

(Marjorie's father on his side laughing. Marjorie at window weeping. Her window blind is now open. Jack on other side in a rage.)

8

The yard.

(Jack comes out with saw. Looks around end of fence, sees no one, saws the posts, one after another. Gets out car and cranks it up. Goes in, gets fishing rod, puts note on it, and reaches it over top of fence. After some dangling Marjorie gets it and reads it.)

[Note flashed on screen:]

DEAREST: Get your things ready, stay a few feet away from window until I give the word. JACK.

9

LEADER: "The elopement."

(Jack looks cautiously about yard. Suddenly throws himself against fence. Posts being sawed off, the fence tips over against Marjorie's house, falling against side just below her window.

Jack shouts directions to her. She climbs out of window, first tossing down handbag, and slides down fence on a cushion into his arms. They jump into auto and get away. Her father tries to crawl under torn up part of fence and is caught, cannot get in or out.)

10

Street scene.

(Marjorie and Jack eloping in auto.)

11

(Marjorie and Jack stop in front of a little house. They go in.)

12

LEADER: "And so they were married."

Interior Clergyman's house.

(He calls in wife and another for witnesses and marries them.)

13

Exterior Clergyman's house.

(Marjorie and Jack in auto riding away.)

14

LEADER: "Bless you, my children."

(They ride back into Jack's yard, nearly run over her father, still weakly struggling, caught under fence. Jack shows him their marriage certificate and laughs at him, then helps him out from under fence and he forgives them.)

THE TECHNICAL VISUALIZATION

THE first thing the scenario reader notes is the number of scenes. Although there are fourteen scenes in the scenario, from the professional standpoint there are only seven, because many of the action scenes are repeated in the same setting.

The next thing the reader notes is the sort of scenes. "Three exteriors and four interiors," he says. "That's good," he adds, mentally sizing them up, "the interiors are always easy, and these particular exteriors are very easy and inexpensive to secure."

Then he looks at cast. After that he reads the synopsis. There are less than 170 words in it. That's another big point in its favor. No words wasted, no time lost wading through it. The synopsis gives promise of some laughable action. That being the case he reads the scenes to note how it works out. He finds it quite probable.

Finding it probable is another big step in its favor. The action that is "possible but not probable" does not get over today. Building a spite fence is probable. It is done all over the country. So is a town or city but has its spite fence.

ROMANCE AND ACTION

BY sawing off the posts, or sawing them nearly off, the fence would naturally fall against the house when pushed over. That looks funny in the picture. When Marjorie comes sliding down on a sofa cushion into her lover's arms it is bound to get a big laugh. Furthermore, the sympathy of the audience is always with lovers. They've had their laugh at the funny manner in which Jack gets his sweetheart and they have their love of romance satisfied when the fond couple outwit the stern and unreasonable father, and when they get married.

That is quite enough for one moving-picture play. A romantic but laughable story is told in action. It is a clean story. There is no violence or theft or anything of that sort in it, just a normal healthy love romance. The censors will not ban that, the scenario reader feels certain.

And the whole thing has been told, scene plot, cast, synopsis, and scenes, in about 650 words.

Put the same scenario in 2,000 words and it is doubtful if it would get over.

Some of our best-known writers are extremely successful at moving-picture play writing.

Others of our best-known writers are extremely unsuccessful at it, although they have tried repeatedly.

And a great many who are not writers at all, who couldn't write an acceptable short story no matter how hard and long they tried, are making a lot of money turning out scenarios for the "movies."

Ninety-nine per cent of the 149 who fall out of every 150 do so because of some of the many reasons outlined in the first part of this article.

Perhaps Mr. Edison will make it possible to photograph adjectives, but until such time stick solely to describing action.

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Flattering Manistee

By CHARLES P. CUSHING

A COMPANY of English Shakespearean players, somewhat better known in the provinces than in London, has stricken New York City from a long American itinerary. The company's actor-manager announces that this resolution was made "largely because of the general tenor of plays that seems to engross the metropolis at this time." Cripple Creek and Manistee are expected to swallow his flattery whole and wildly rejoice. The inspired press agent continues:

This may seem like a slap in the face to the many-towered Camelot of America, but it cannot be said that it is wholly undeserved. New York has given more encouragement to cabarets and musical comedies than to those productions to which even its own critics have accorded the highest praise. It has become a "show town" instead of a theatrical center for things worth while.

Unfortunately for the force of the argument, Cripple Creek and Manistee support the musical comedy more liberally per capita than New York does—and probably would resent an insinuation that they are strangers to the ubiquitous cabaret. There is plenty of truth in the accusation that the metropolis has become a "show town." But the averages of silliness and sense run about the same in New York as in other American cities.

THE injustice of a sweeping condemnation is not difficult to point out. To begin with, three of the plays that were "engrossing the metropolis" during the week the Stratford Players made their announcement were by a boy from their own home town. Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott were packing the new Shubert Theatre at every one of their three performances of "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice." John Drew had just concluded a few weeks in "Much Ado About Nothing" and was appearing in "The Tyranny of Tears" and J. M. Barrie's "The Will." The big auditorium of the Century (formerly the New Theatre) was crowded all week with vicious-minded Broadway rounders intent upon hearing the frivolous German musical success, "Lohengrin." David Warfield was reviving "The Auctioneer," and that wholesome modern classic, "Peg o' My Heart," tallied at the end of the week its 337th performance. Such human and workmanlike comedies as these were playing: "The Younger Generation," and Grace George in Barrie's not-too-joyous "Half an Hour"; "Her Own Money," one of the most interesting three-act plays ever presented in four acts; "Potash and Perlmutter," which leads the Broadway league in laughs; and the new Belasco production, "The Temperamental Journey."

Of course, the "news" of the week was that the "enfant terrible" of the New York playhouses, the Princess (better named by F. P. A. the "Prince-sex") had put on five one-act shockers in a theatre about the size of a half-peck basket. But that same week no less than 20,000 persons in New York City attended plays by William Shakespeare.

Perhaps the cruel truth of the matter is that the bush-league club from Stratford shunned New York for better reasons than any set forth in the circular. A sort of world's series was on, with the Forbes-Robertson and Elliott team and the Sothern and Marlowe combination splitting the gate receipts.

The Autumn Hilltop

By LEONARD HATCH

WIND of the cool October hill,
Laugh with the farmer's boy;
Tug his kite with thy deep-lunged skill,
Wind of the cool October hill;
Let him feel thy buoyant will,
Till he shout for joy.
Wind of the cool October hill,
Laugh with the farmer's boy.

Wind of the swift November hill,
Swirl thy rustling leaves;
Pipe thy song to the empty mill,
Wind of the swift November hill,
Bellow, and blare, and croon, and fill
All its rotting eaves.
Wind of the swift November hill,
Swirl thy rustling leaves.

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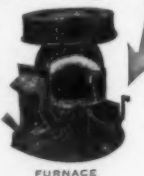
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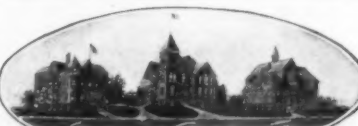
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A "Stateslady"

(Continued from page 6)

by knowledge of her subject and readiness in the give and take of debate, she won the respect of all. Her loyalty to the man or men who championed one of her causes, the indefatigable industry with which she helped to erect fortifications or gather ammunition, gave those champions a comfortable feeling, and made men more and more willing to espouse her issues. On the other hand, the legislators who for any reasons opposed her found an enemy whose resourcefulness seldom failed, and who developed such a capacity for going aloft and rolling down rocks of one sort and another into the legislative defiles, already narrow and tortuous enough, that lawmakers grew more and more cautious of inviting her hostility. All these faculties, growing through the three legislative sessions, with her intellect quickened, as she says, "by the contact with the many fine men I met there," have combined to extend her influence greatly. But as to the suffrage amendment in that first Progressive Legislature, it stuck hopelessly. All Mrs. Edson's efforts, and those of her sister lobbyists, failed to budge it. The strong right arm of the Governor was finally necessary. Mrs. Edson asked for that executive punch, and the Governor imparted it. There remained the campaign before the people for the ratification of the amendment.

Mrs. Edson was one of those women who went upon the stump in its behalf. She had rare qualities as a vote getter. There are women in California more eloquent than she in the making of a set speech, but it is doubtful if there is one who is a better mixer or who can appeal more convincingly to the masculine mind.

WINNING THE OIL DRILLERS

DURING that campaign Mrs. Edson traveled hundreds of miles in motor cars. Her most thrilling experience was a talk at night under a spluttering light to 500 well drillers in the wilder part of one of the oil districts. During the afternoon, as she had walked about the little cañon town in company with a minister who appeared to be the sole sympathetic male at leisure, her ears were assailed by jibes and jeering laughter that came in the voices of both sexes from behind the doors of drinking places and houses of doubtful character. Misgivings were heightened when at night she found the men standing far off at the extreme edge of the circle of light, eying her from the distance with a curiosity that was exceedingly critical.

But if Mrs. Edson's spirits were dampened, there was no sign of it.

"Won't you come nearer, please," she began in the most companionable and confident of manners, just like a nice woman speaking to nice men, "so I won't have to strain my voice to talk to you?"

This appeal to the chivalry of the workman, who has his full share of that fine quality, met with an instant response. Of course they would not let a lady injure her voice upon their account; and, besides, there was a quality in that voice which sounded very attractive. They crowded round. Mrs. Edson talked to them like the sister of a workman, piling up reasons, arguments, instances, all in a workaday vernacular. They asked her questions, and she answered them. She wished them good night with a request for a square deal for their mothers, their sisters, and their sweethearts. One man in overalls was heard to remark:

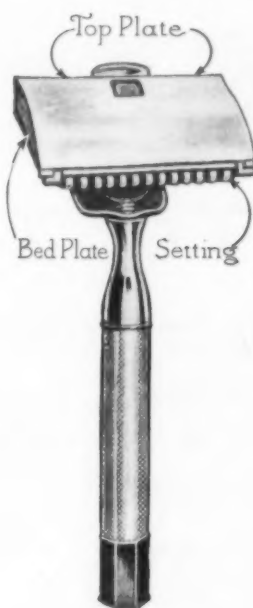
"Gosh, if I had a wife that could talk like that, she could have the ballot or any other blamed thing she wanted." The knights of the derrick sped her away with a cheer, and on the day of election that county helped to swell the majority in the State for suffrage.

TRUST AND DISTRUST

YET the longed-for State-wide victory which gave the women the ballot was not without its heartburnings for those of the leisure class. In Los Angeles, for instance, the residence wards of the well to do, the home districts of the members of the Friday Morning and other culture clubs, gave overwhelming majorities against suffrage.

"To think that our men, who know us best, are unwilling to trust us," sighed Mrs. Edson.

On the other hand the workingmen's districts rolled up great majorities for suffrage.



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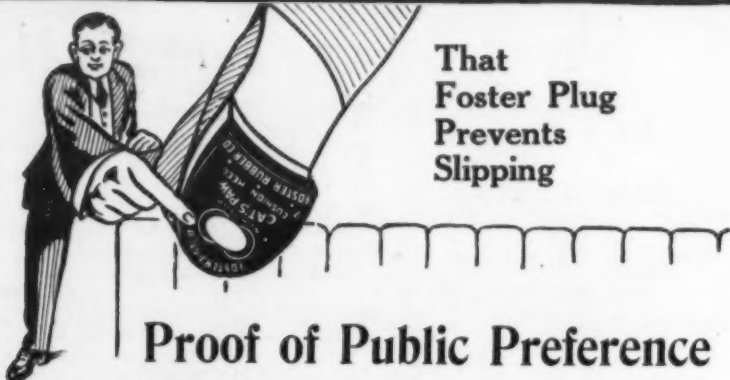
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(For further particulars see advertisement of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books on page 34 of this issue.)

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"They have faith in their women," she added, biting her lip.

This election, Mrs. Edson felt, marked the end of her public service. She could go back now to her home and to her clubs, and leave the hustings to those who enjoyed that sort of thing.

But a labor commission was forming—a commission with power—and Governor Johnson wanted Mrs. Edson for a place upon it. That lady, somewhat singed of politics, hesitated.

"Do it," said her husband. "It is what you have always wanted to do."

WORKING FOR NEIGHBORLINESS

SO she took the fasces of office upon her arm. She stalks through factories, she peers into books, she interrogates mothers, she expostulates with employers, she solves industrial complexes of one sort and another, dividing judgment at times with the wisdom of Solomon and sometimes lifting the rod of her authority, but generally prevailing by sweetness and common sense. And for this work the State pays her a salary, \$125 per month, all of which she spends in the doing of the job. She is not working for money, but for neighborliness, which she learned yonder in the wide hollow of the mountains, where, with the nearest neighbor leagues away, the interdependencies of life were ten thousandfold greater than they are in the sweating proximities of a tenement house.

Mrs. Edson's present work is typically of the womanly sort, in that it is never ending. Each day turns up some new need or swings open the door upon another opportunity. She found the student nurses in the hospitals doing twelve hours' duty, dragging weary limbs through a body-racking day that ruined many a constitution before it got the very skill which the training was designed to give. She came upon children whose lives were completely wrecked by disease inherited from parents who should never have been permitted to become parents. She found women and even children working under conditions so hard and for a wage so small that the worth of their output could never outweigh the hurt done to society by their employment under such circumstances.

WOMEN'S REFORM BILLS

THE only remedy was legislation. Mrs. Edson knew but one way to get legislation. She went to Sacramento at the last session of the Legislature and wrestled with the lawmakers for an amendment to the Woman's Eight Hour Law which would protect the nurses and some others. It meant a bitter battle with the doctors—or with some doctors, I should say—but she got her bill.

She lobbied for a Minimum Wage Bill, one modeled on the Oregon and Washington statutes, a thing with teeth and nails in it, which gives the Labor Commission a right to examine into all the conditions of any industry, and thereafter to fix the minimum wage at which women may be employed in that industry. It took hard work to get this bill enacted, but Mrs. Edson spared herself nothing.

However, the Health Marriage Bill was hardest of all. It involved her in detailed arguments with the lawmakers which must follow the minds of men over phases of subjects scarcely considered matter for delicate conversation. Yet a woman could make those arguments with telling force if she would, and Mrs. Edson would. If ever her courage faltered, there came to her ears the memory of the pitiful cry of a blind babe she had encountered, whose life of hopeless misery such a law would have prevented from beginning. And then, after toiling her bill laboriously through both Houses—to see it slowly smothered in the pocket of the Governor! Her Governor—who, kinglike, could do no wrong.

THE NEW SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

TRUE, he gave warning of his intentions, and allowed her to come to his chambers to make one final appeal; but sat surrounded by the Attorney General's staff, and, himself a lawyer, pointed out to her that the bill had been amended into ambiguous innocuity. She was obliged to retire defeated, vexed, chagrined, disappointed, yet honest enough to admit that she had failed as a good lobbyist in not having her bill better drawn and protecting it from dangerous amendments.

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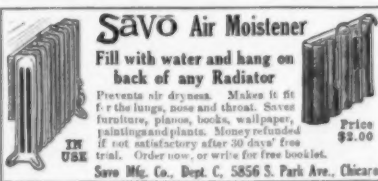
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duties. They feel like the angular spinster in the bathing suit—that everyone is looking. They point with particular pride to their lobby at Sacramento during the last session and the work it accomplished. It sought no selfish interest—it mothered no freaks, but worked sanely, soberly, and practically for the good of the State, rendering, of course, its most important service in those fields of woman's interests which had been most neglected in the male state.

Nor did the women have much to complain of in the attitude of the legislators, who now neither treated them as if upon sufferance nor as a political force to be feared, but as full-panoplied citizens possessing information and points of view that might be of special value, and many a Senator and Assemblyman learned before that session was over to court eagerly the assistance of the women in many of his tasks.

Among these women, while she was conspicuous, Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson is not to be so regarded, but should be considered merely as a type of that new power which is coming into the political system at a moment when there is great need of the infusion of a new spirit.

Publicists have often bemoaned the fact that our able citizens were too busy in their own affairs to give time to the State. With the advent of the woman voter comes a class of citizens who have both the leisure to inform themselves and the willingness to act upon their information. It means a better day. Carlyle's warning is outtimed. There is now a woman among us "takin' notes," and there are not wanting signs that she will greatly better some of her instructions.

FOR HUSBAND AND HOME

DESPITE the considerable body of Mrs. Edson's achievement, her friends feel that her usefulness has just begun. She is forty-three and does not care who knows it. She is keen, skilled, and canny, seasoned with experience, armed with the salt of humor and common sense, not vindictive, moved by a very great sympathy, and animated by a large hope. She is at home among all classes, esteemed and admired by the women of the clubs, respected and supported by both sexes among the working classes.

Fundamentally she is a great democrat, and, however astute and successful a politician she may be, Mrs. Edson owes it all to the fact that, primarily, she is just a plain American wife and mother. She is devoted to her home—a home with her, you understand, not being just a place to tag tidies on chairs and stick cushions about in corners.

She is immensely proud of her husband—as he is of her. He is not dwarfed. He does not look dwarfable, but is a hale fellow, just big enough to treat a great woman greatly. A little pinched, parched soul of a husband could have made Mrs. Edson's work impossible. The firm of Edson and Edson appears a happy copartnership.

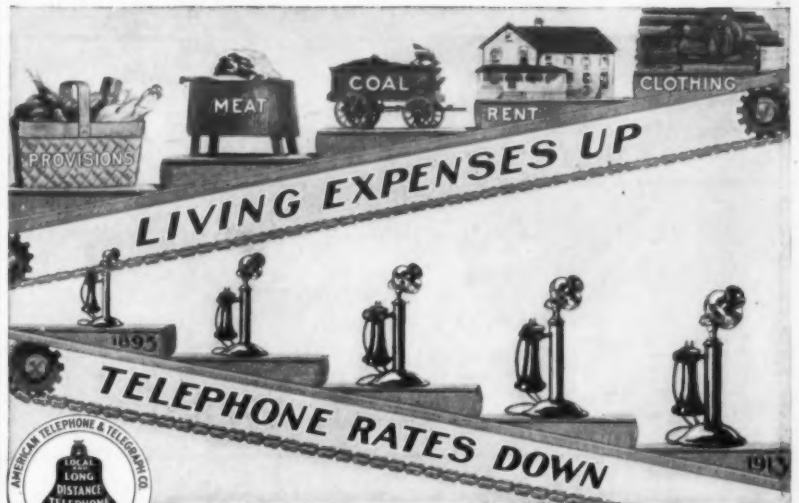
Mrs. Edson's heart is equally bound up in her children. There is a married daughter who cares not a hairpin for her mother's political interests. There is a sport-loving boy of seventeen or thereabout who probably does not know that women vote. And there is a delightful eight-year-old chap who on the night of my visit appeared at the dinner table without a shirt. His shoes were right, his trousers and his coat were right; there was even a flower in his buttonhole; but as for shirts, well—the weather was very warm and he had been playing tennis.

Our stateswoman was in the midst of a peroration upon one subject or another when suddenly she stopped and gasped, a horror-stricken eye resting upon that bare expanse of boyish bosom. The peroration was not finished. With a laughing apology she clutched the hand of the author of so daring a concession to Los Angeles summer climate, and both disappeared.

SHALL IT BE?

NO doubt Mrs. Edson regarded that incident as untoward. I thought it rather happy. It explained her, revealed her, broke her down. She is not a politician or a stateswoman primarily. She is a mother. Her public achievements are begotten of no personal ambition. They spring from the push of neighborliness. She has a genius for that true statecraft which is merely neighborliness in the large.

Californians might make Mrs. Edson Governor some day and not go half so far astray as sometimes in the past they have.



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How to Treat a Cow

By HOMER CROY

SOME scientific expert engaged in farming has just discovered that a cow should be treated as a lady. Sometimes this is difficult, as often this depends on her early training.

We used to have a cow back home, a large roan with a low, retreating forehead, who had a way of stepping in the bucket that lost her many friends. No cow can endear herself to a person when she is standing with one foot in the bucket. No cow with the right kind of early life will do this.

When a person is thrown into the society of a cow it does not take him long to find out what her early life has been. If she stands with one foot in the bucket for any length of time, one can feel morally certain that her mother was not of the highest type.

Our cow's name was Clarice. I was often called on to milk Clarice. I was loath to do this, and she was just as loath to have me. We were never what might be called fast friends.

Once, with a bucket on my arm, I approached her on the subject of milking. Clarice was standing in the milk lot with a sad, far-away look in her eyes, as if all her dreams had not come true, going over her supper for a second time. Clarice was always going back and putting a few finishing touches to her supper.

FEET OF CLAY

I PLACED the pail under her body, well toward the rear, and seated myself on a one-legged stool. I had not asked her if I could do this, but I felt that all would be well. Clarice had a window weight on the end of her tail, that she had picked up fighting flies down in the creek. I did not know that she was armed. I had just turned my attention to the pail when she hit me with the window weight. She was a good hitter.

I did not say anything, but I gave her a significant look. Fitting my shoulder into her side I again took hold of her. I put my hands around the parts mentioned and squeezed them. While I was trying to get the milk running she again hit me with the window weight. I gave her another significant look, followed by a lowering glance, and again placed my ear in her flank and reached for the source of supply. My hands had barely closed over the source of supply before I felt the muscles in her flank gather and become taut. Still suspicion did not

strike me—but something else did. The last I remember distinctly was having my ear in her flank; the next thing I knew I had it in a pillow. From that time on there was a certain coldness between us. Her charm was gone. She now had feet of clay.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE

ONE evening I was crossing the meadows just as Night was stealing out of the woods and blowing his black breath over the countryside, when I heard an angry voice behind me. I immediately turned around. It was Clarice's husband.

He was coming at me in high dudgeon. He had his nose close to the ground and his eyes on me. I saw that I was not needed, and turned and started away as fast as I could. The husband came on apace. When I turned I found that he had come on several of them.

I headed toward a tree. When I arrived at the tree I took hold of a lower limb and started to ascend at once. I was out of breath, but I felt that it would be best to wait until I was at the top to regain it. I felt a shock, and in a moment saw the seat of a pair of trousers on his horns. I felt that they were mine. I kept on climbing. This did not deter me a jot or a tittle. Not a tittle.

My pursuer stood under the tree, and, placing his nose near the ground, said things that I do not care to repeat, for I do not know who may be reading these lines. He stayed a long while under the tree, while I remained in it. I had no desire to come down. I would wait until my caller had gone. I was glad that the tree had selected that spot for its nativity. I was thankful that it had not seen fit to cast its fortunes a quarter of a mile farther on.

FLAWS TO PICK

AT last the unpleasant creature left. I did not try to get him to stay. I was tiring of his company. Once or twice I yawned openly. Finally, in the gloaming, he joined Clarice, and the two strolled off.

I did not feel favorably disposed toward either party. Try as I might, I could not help picking flaws in their breeding. Clarice had not lived up to my ideal of a lady, and her better half had fallen far short of my idea of a gentleman.

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The Master Kidnaper

(Continued from page 8)

"Dry up, little man!" Peleg snapped. He liked Brice's good-natured-if-needs-must way of accepting the position; but he had the white man's inherent dislike for a yellow skin.
"Since yer talkin' 'bout yer Yutshene—we're anch'ed near 'nuff t' spit on her a'most."

The skipper laughed outright at the various expressions on the four faces.

"It's Gawd's truth, mister. We're off'n Tomp'nsville!"

"I am damned!" Brice said admiringly. "If I had your nerve I'd be a richer man than I am."

"Anythin' ye want? I'm a-goin' ashore. Don't try to muss things up, or make a racket, 'cause th' chief an' th' mate'll be

a-settin' on th' hatch covers. Ye fellers behave an' I'll do whut I kin t' make ye t' home."

"I wuz jest goin' ter holler, cap'n. Thar's a launch comin' from th' Jap'nee."

"So thar es, Collins. Let 'em come, an' welcome."

THE dapper Japanese Lieutenant eyed Peleg, and Peleg returned the stare. "You—have—this—morning—arrive?" the foreigner began with painful precision.

"Yep." Peleg hunted in his clothes for a toothpick, found one, and used it energetically.

"Where—from—you—come?"



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"I dunno t'het it's any o' yer bizness, but I left Noo Haven yistiddy a. m."

"A. M.? What—in—State—is—that?" Peleg grinned broadly. "Tain't no 'State'! It's time—T-I-M-E—o' day."

"What—time?"

"Eight-thirty a. m. I left Noo Haven, State o' Connecticut, United States of America, Atlantic seaboard, north."

The Japanese turned away with a scowl.

"You—not—polite—vairy—I come—back."

Peleg laughed outright.

"Any time, sonny—any time."

But the launch did not return to the ship. Instead, it crossed over to the Delaware.

IN a few minutes back it came, this time with an American officer on board.

"Hello, Skip!" the genial young man said as the two came over the rail; "this is Lieutenant Hariki. He says you insulted him just now when he asked a few questions. How about it?"

"Nuthin' o' th' sort, looten't. This here Johnny boy tries t' give me th' third degree—whar'd I come f'om, etcetera. What ails him?"

"Haven't you been ashore?"

"Naw. Jest got in from Noo Haven; left thar yistiddy a. m." (leering at the Japanese).

"Oh, then you don't know about the vanishing of Brice, his secretary, the Japanese financial agent, and Brice's chauffeur?"

"Brice—who's Brice? Whut aire ye puttin' over?"

"He doesn't know anything," the American officer said to the other; "he's what we call a tramp steamer that picks up cargoes anywhere that she can get them. Didn't happen to see a warship or a cruiser round Montauk, or off Plum Gut, did you, Skip?"

"Nary a thing; a couple o' liners goin' out an' a few schunners comin' down 'long. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; thanks."

Peleg watched them go, still picking his teeth audibly.

Shortly after the *Yatushima* put to sea, accompanied by an American destroyer.

THE New York Stock Exchange will not forget the next three days. The best of the railroad holdings dropped steadily, especially those controlled by H. Brice & Co. Their copper and industrial fell, kept falling, while distracted firms hired detectives by the score, who combed—literally combed—Long Island from end to end.

The mad hunt then crossed into Connecticut, thence up and down the Sound shore.

Nothing! Not a clue!

Fortunes went in a few minutes, and things began to assume a threatening aspect.

There was an undercurrent of buying—buying slowly, but consistently—that could not be traced, hard as the brokers tried.

Ogden read the quantities of code messages that came to him from all over the world, and filed them. The morning of the fourth day he drove out to a lonely road in Westchester County. Two other machines "happened" to take the same lonely road!

Five men sat on logs and rocks.

"I think we have done enough!" Ogden said. "I will clear enough to satisfy myself—with the return of the unnamed. And I take it that you have been successful?"

"By Gad, Henry, it has been a masterstroke. How did you do it, and where under heaven is—"

"No questions, Peter! That was the agreement! Very well, then; to-morrow the unnamed will be at his desk. Japan had to have the money and took my offer!"

Three machines took three different routes back to the city.

"Time's up, gentlemen!" Peleg announced briefly when he came aboard the *Aaron* late that afternoon.

"What do you mean?" Brice jumped to his feet.

THE stock news, and the absolute knowledge that he had been losing millions so fast during the past three days that even his long purse could scarcely stand the drain, and that it would take him years to recover, had told heavily on the great financier. Lines encircled his eyes and his hands shook.

He and Perrins had followed the quo-

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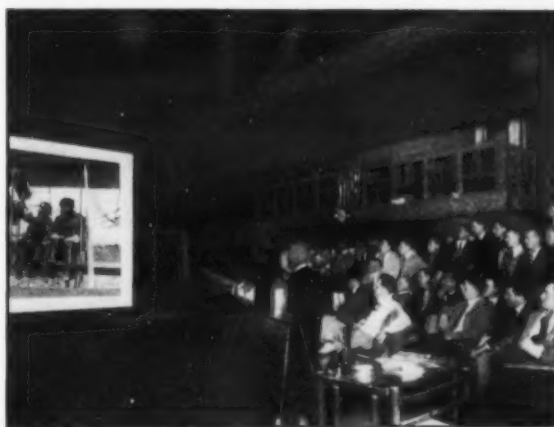
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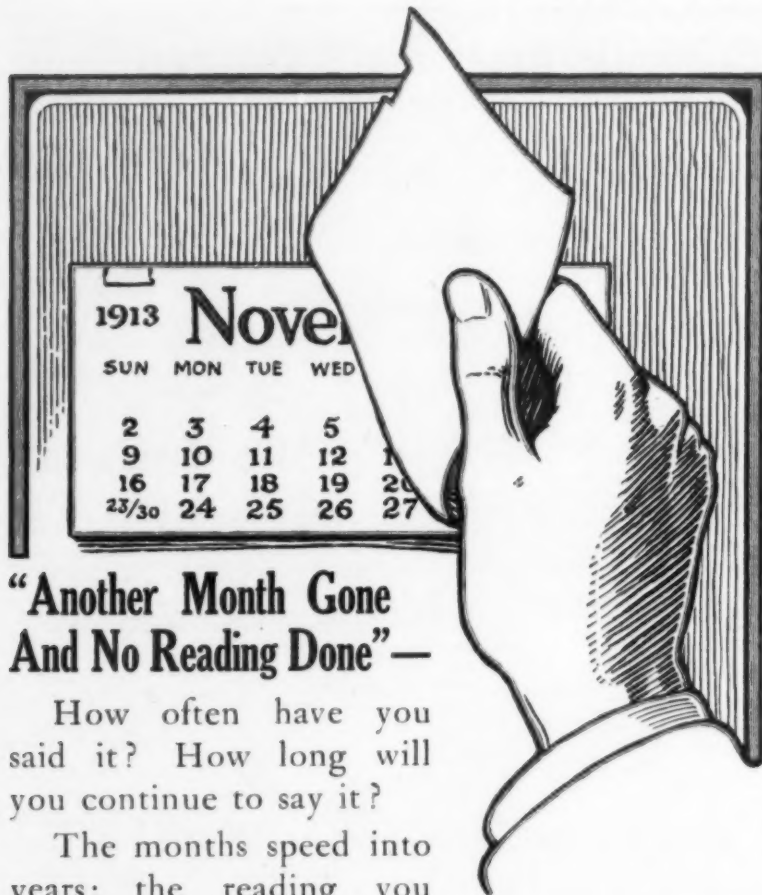
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tations in the papers that Peleg brought to them regularly, and they knew their losses almost to a certainty.

The Japanese was sullen because the announcement had appeared that, owing to the mysterious movements of Mr. Katsumi, the Japanese Government had accepted H. H. Ogden & Company's offer.

Michaels was the only undisturbed member of the party.

"I can put ye ashore to-night, after two bells!"

"Where?" Brice shouted.

"That's *my* lookout! But it'll be handy to a railroad, so's ye won't hev' t' walk!"

THEY heard the anchor being got up, felt the engines increase in speed, ate the dinner that was brought to them in silence.

"Come up, prisoners!" Peleg shouted at 8.30.

"You'll get twenty years for this!" Brice said viciously. His nerves had not stood up well.

"Ef ye kin catch me I mought git more!" Peleg grunted. "See them lights? That's Atlantic City! Ye'll be sot 'shore thar an' ye kin stretch yer legs on th' boardwalk!"

"We'll grab the men that row us in! There are always police, and we'll get a full description of the ship, the price paid, whom by, and if I have not influence enough to make serious trouble for Ogden—for I'm *certain* that he's at the bottom of it—I am very much mistaken. Kidnaping is a bad charge, Perrins!"

"Yes, sir, I know it, especially as so many of the public have suffered through your disappearance."

Peleg and the chief watched them from a distance.

"Some mad, ain't they, chief?"

"Some," the latter answered.

At 9.15 the *Aaron* stopped, a half mile off the rows of glittering lights. The dirty dinghy was lowered, hauled to the pilot ladder.

"Ye'll understand, gennelmen, thet I'm in a mite o' a hurry t' git out o' here, so I'll hev' t' ask ye t' row yerselves in! Th' dinghy's tight, even ef she do look kind o' bad fur millyunaires t' land from. Thar's two pair o' oars, an' no sea. Git a move on, an' good luck t' ye!"

BRICE thought of shouting, but it was too far.

There was nothing for it but to accept the inevitable again.

"Gunnights, gennelmen!" Peleg called from the bridge as he signaled for full speed ahead.

The *Aaron's* lights were doused; she slipped rapidly away in the darkness.

"Could you recognize her again, Perrins?"

"I—I don't think so, sir! He'll make for South America, anyway."

"That's it, damn it!" Brice swore, pulling at an oar; "that's the worst of it!"

Going at top speed, the *Aaron* got outside the three-mile limit and headed to the southward. The mate was on the bridge, when from out of the darkness ahead a searchlight played over them, and a warship's signals winked:

"Stop—your—engines!"

COLLINS stopped, then whistled down the skipper's tube:

"Warship's held us up, sir!"

"Be thar dirreckly."

The same young lieutenant of the *Delaware* came hurriedly over the side. "Got you, Skip! Where are Mr. Brice and the others? Hand 'em over; and I arrest you for kidnaping. No use making a row, because we *know* that the gentlemen are on board!"

Peleg whooped with laughter.

"Sense when caln't a decent tramp, whut's mindin' his own bizness, an' outside th' three-mile mark, keep on, 'thout being held up by a fool warship? Ye gotta find th'—whut's-his-name, hain't ye, afore ye kin 'rest me?"

"Don't get gay, Skip! Bo'sun?"

"Aye-aye, sir!"

"Fetch up three men and search this craft!"

"Aye-aye, sir!"

By this time the *Delaware* was close aboard, and the *Aaron* as bright as day in the glare of her searchlights.

Peleg, the chief, the mates—all hands watched the *most* thorough search that was made.

IN an hour the lieutenant went on the bridge, and Morsed his commanding officer:

"Absolutely no-one-on-board-have-made-exhaustive-search."

Briefly the answer flashed back:

"Return-permit-to-proceed."

"Sorry to have bothered you, Skip; but we have orders to search everybody in the tramp line. I was only bluffing when I said that I *knew* Brice was on board. Good night."

But Peleg only grunted.

"Thad," he said crisply, when they were under way again, "thet wuz a durned clost shave! We'll hit her up fer Noo Orleans an' paint up lively. Mos' likely nab a cargo fur somewhar. I feels th' need o' rest! I've bin a-settin' on a keg o' dinnamite fur th' las' week!"

"Fifty thousan' 's fifty thousan', Peleg!"

"Don't I know it? But we wants ter change our coat, an' quick! Keep her goin' brisk all night."

"A'right."

THE *Aaron* scurried like a frightened thing through the heavy gloom and haze of a calm sea.

"Durned clost shave!" Peleg muttered again as he tumbled into his bunk.

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Form 3526

The Extra Motion

(Continued from page 12)

of the pistol shot and the cashier's reply. And he didn't like the tone of either one. Being Irish and impulsive, he thought of stepping to the window and telling Killum that he lied, on general principles. But he reflected that such a procedure would hardly restore the missing gold certificates, and so he concluded to bide his time. He coned over the matter on his rounds.

Mr. Babb had shouted "I'll kill you!" just before the shot was fired. Therefore he had not been thinking of suicide. But why had Killum lied about it? To make out that Mr. Babb knew of the shortage and feared discovery, probably. Even so, what did that prove? Mr. Ryan scratched his head over the puzzle. He walked back to paying window A and looked inside. A green-shaded light was burning above the table desk. The black trunk was in the vault, no doubt, and Killum had gone home. Jerry walked around to the gate of cage A and entered. As is often the case with night watchmen, he was talking to himself:

"Whin I was pounding the paves the headquarters men used to act over a murder on occasion, to try an' find out who pulled the trigger. It must be a divertin' pastime. Maybe I'll take a crack at it meself."

Jerry placed a filing case on an end of the table desk and seated himself to the right of it. "That's the black trunk," said he, "and I'm Mr. Killum, sitting here. Mr. Babb sits over there on the stool at me left. Jerry, you're at the window. What do ye see?"

Mr. Ryan executed a slow pantomime, as of a man counting money.

"That's straight Taylor system so far," he remarked. "Every move according to the book—nine of 'em. Now, Jerry, ye are still at the window, mind that. An' what did he do next, ye bonthead? Oh, yes—he reached ahead of himself this way; and then he did this—oh, come now,

Jerry, there's an extra motion in that. Ye don't need it at all. But he did the same, says Jerry. An' the crafty eyes of him were bint on his work. Every move he made counted for something; ye can gamble on that. Now what would I be doing wid that extra motion? Jerry, ye are an honest man; there is no guile in ye. However, ye may as well move yer arm and see where yer hand goes. Oh, hell! I'm ashamed of ye, Jerry. That's whin he pulled the trick! An' ye lookin' straight at him wid yer two eyes." The last sentence was scornful.

Watchman Ryan sprang to his feet and hurried to register a half-hourly police call, already five minutes overdue. Next he walked to the vault room and scanned the time-lock records by aid of the electric flashlight which he carried. He was particularly interested in vault number six, where the tellers kept their cash trunks overnight.

"Closed at eight-seven," he said to himself. "An' the trunk was in cage A at eight-five. Which means that the crafty devil decided to wait until tomorrow and finish up the game at his leisure. We'll now proceed to upset the young man's calculations."

DECIUS BABB arose at seven, wearily wrestling with the problem which he had struggled with on his pillow at midnight. He had not slept at all. Through the night hours the events of the preceding afternoon had revolved in his mind, a monotonous circle. Worry and the loss of sleep dulled his faculties. He shaved himself by force of habit, mentally reviewing payments through window A

made the day before. He dreaded breakfast and wondered if he could put off telling his family for another day.

The house was bustling with the business of packing trunks. They had planned to start for the country on an afternoon train. What excuse could he give for remaining behind? For, of course, he must be at home when the summons came. The telephone was ringing now. Perhaps that was the call. Mr. Babb hurried below and answered. Mr. Dee was calling. He requested the paying teller to report at the bank as soon as possible. "Come directly to my office," he concluded.

Mr. Babb entered the cashier's office, dreading the ordeal which lay ahead of him. He was considerably surprised to find that none of the directors awaited him. And Mr. Dee's greeting puzzled him still more. The cashier got up from his desk and met the veteran paying teller with a warm handclasp.

"Old friends are best, Babb," he said, smiling.

"Thank you, Mr. Dee," faltered the elder man. "But—I don't understand—"

"Here comes a man who is wiser than both of us—Mr. Jerry Ryan, who routed me out in the middle of the night to listen to an intensive discourse on motion study."

"Tis a fascinating subject," smiled Jerry, "an' ye were a good listener."

"Really, gentlemen," interposed Mr. Babb, "I am wholly bewildered. Is this in some way connected with my cash, the shortage?"

"Your cash wasn't short at all, Babb. That was what Jerry tried to prove to me with his motion study. His arguments were so convincing that I hung around until the time locks went off, and then we pulled out your black trunk and investigated. We found the twenty-four thousand-dollar bills safe inside."

"But that seems impossible. I can hardly believe it!" exclaimed Mr. Babb. "I searched through the trunk a dozen times. You inventoried the money yourself, sir, and—"

"Oh, yes, I know. We were both simpletons, and Killum is a slippery crook. I'm glad we've caught him. He doesn't know of the night's developments, and no doubt will be reporting for work soon. While we are waiting for him, I'm going to ask Jerry to repeat his discourse on motion study and incidentally to show us how we were fooled."

THE cashier produced duplicate keys and led the way to Mr. Babb's cage. It still lacked a half hour of opening time and only a few men were at their desks. Jerry placed the black trunk across the end of the table desk as Killum had done the previous evening. Mr. Dee unlocked it.

"For the purposes of illustration," said Jerry impressively, with the trunk's contents on the table before him, "we'll suppose that I'm Mr. Killum takin' over yer cash, Mr. Babb. Ye had better stand close behind me. From the stool ye can't see me hands at all. An' 'tis hands that steal things—mind that. Only the stealin' requires an extra motion. Sure, if I hadn't laid bricks I wouldn't 'ave no-



The house was bustling with the business of packing trunks

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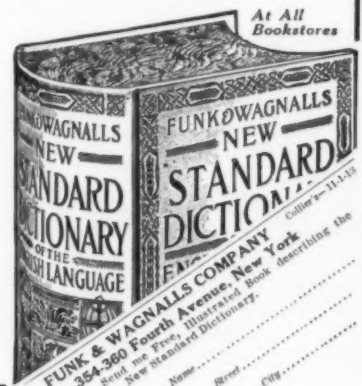
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Money-Making Farms: 13 States, \$10 To \$50 An acre; live stock, and tools often included to settle quickly. Big illustrated Catalogue No. 35 free. E. A. Street Farm Agency, Station 67, 47 West 34th Street, New York.

CALIFORNIA

Collect Your Profits Monthly, Dairying In The San Joaquin Valley. One acre keeps a cow and she earns you \$10 a month. Expensive shelter unnecessary. Land on easy terms. M. V. Richards, Land and Industrial Agent, Southern Ry., Room 16, Washington, D. C.

VIRGINIA

Secure A Home In Virginia. Ideal Climate For farming or fruit growing. Short winters. Abundant rainfall. All crops do well. Big markets nearby. Good farmlands \$15 an acre up. Easy terms. Information gladly given. F. H. LaBaume, Agt. Agt. Norfolk & Western Ry., Room 245, N. & W. Ry. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Trade School

Wanted: Men To Learn The Barber Trade. Big wages. Always sure of work. Teach you quickly, cheaply, thoroughly. Tools furnished. I have 33 big Colleges in principal cities. There is one near you. For particulars write—A. B. Moler, Pres., 21 Moler College, Chicago, Ill.

Electricity, Plumbing, Bricklaying, Mechanical Drawing, taught by experts. Practical work instead of books. Largest and best equipped school. Positions secured. Write for free book. Coyne School, 94 Illinois St., Chicago.

Loose Leaf Devices

Everybody Should Carry A Loose Leaf Memo book. Why? Because it is economic. Sample with Genuine loose leaf covers and 50 sheets, 25c. Name on cover in Gold 15c extra. Looseleaf Book Co., 914 E. 125th St., N. Y.

For Your Home

Domestic Science, Home Study Courses. For home-makers, teachers and well paid positions. Ill. 109-page booklet, "Profession of Home Making," free. Am. School of Home Economics, 532 W. 69th St., Chicago.

J O B S

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN AND AGENTS ARE IN BIG DEMAND. TO THOSE WHO CAN QUALIFY, THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

Agents Wanted

Agents: Active Workers To Introduce New Pat-ented Sanitax Fountain Auto Brushes, the only brush that will remove mud and grit from the car without scratching the surface and without wasting water. Quick sales, big profits. Rare chance to establish permanent agency. Send \$1.50 for agent's sample, which will be credited on first order. Write for territory today. Sanitax Brush Company, 2343 South Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Agents—Amazing Invention. New Business. No competition. Big profit. World's best Home Massage Machine. Works by waterpower. Delights both sexes. Write for full particulars and free book on "Beauty & Health." Address: Blackstone Company, 329 Meredith Building, Toledo, O.

Agents—Every Merch. Int. And Professional Man a prospect. Sell our complete line of high quality, low priced Window Letters, Name Plates, Glass Signs, etc. Write Now for New 48 page catalog and sample letter—Free. Attracto Sign Co., 2645 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Little Giant Lift And Force Pump. Saves plumber's bills. Removes all stoppages in waste pipes. Absolute monopoly: fix you for life if you are a plumber. Write for our new agent's plan. J. E. Kennedy, Dept. C, 41 Park Row, New York.

Attention Agents "Mop, vacuum, Crew Man-agers, etc." for industrial cleaning, polishing, and dustless mop just patented, sells at sight, enormous profits; exclusive territory to business producers; Wonderful opportunity. Duncan Bros., 2425 W. Division St., Chicago.

Agents Wide Awake—To Sell International Lamps and Lighting Systems. Sell on sight. Best line ever. Make a business man's income. We teach you how. International Light Company, 311 River St., Department 57, Chicago, Ill.

We Furnish You Capital To Run A Profitable business of your own. Become one of our local representatives and sell high grade custom made shirts, also guaranteed sweaters, underwear, hosiery and neckties, direct to the homes. Write Steadfast Mills, Dept. 24, Cohoes, N. Y.

\$2500 Accident And Health Policy For \$6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays \$2500 death, \$15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. \$6000 Policy for \$10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Agents—Postal Brings Free Illustrated Directory. Contains details newest, best selling specialties, money-making propositions of responsible concern. Clarence Butler Publishing Co., 123 Cedar St., New York.

We Are The Largest Manufacturers Of Twisted Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, highest profit. Write for our new catalog. You are sure to win. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

We Don't Want "Agents" But Representatives. Contract given for County Rights. Six patents of proven merit. Large, permanent, profitable business. Address Modern Specialty Co., 19th Ave., Racine, Wis.

You Can Make \$555 As Our General Or local agent. Non-alcoholic flavors, perfumes, etc.; save consumer 50%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free Sample. Pitkin & Co., 115 Redd St., Newark, N. Y.

Advertising Stickers! All Kinds! All Prices! Inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents Wanted

Agents—Will You Take A Steady Job Starting right away on most attractive proposition with a chance of increasing your earning power constantly? No experience required. Big Xmas specialties are gorgeous, at small cost and big profits. Great crew manufacturers proposition. We manufacture "You save middleman's" profit. Act quick. "Harvest of profit now at its height." E. M. Davis, President, R. 61 Davis Block, Chicago.

County Manager For A New Model Patented household article selling for \$3.50. Extra allowance over the ordinary commission. Life job. Sells over and over again to the same people. Samples loaned. Manager, 132 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Cost 3c, Sell 15c To 25c. Families Buy 12 To 40 sets; hotels hundreds. Free demonstrating sets. Anyone can attach. Evergrip Gliding Casters. Save carpets, floors, furniture. Carried in pocket. Agents earn big money weekly. Evergrip Co., 20 B. Warren St., New York.

Wanted: A Man Or Woman All Or Spare Time to secure information for us. Work at home or travel. Experience not necessary. Nothing to sell. Good Pay. Send stamp for particulars. Address M. S. I. A., 12 L Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Big Profit For Male Agents, Selling A New patented article which sells at sight. Write at once for particulars. Sidney Suspenders Company, Attleboro, Mass.

Agents Wanted. Best Paying Agency Proposi-tion in U. S. If you are making less than \$200 monthly, write and let us show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

The Fuller Dustless Floor And Wall Mop, With silver letter, and hand duster, are indispensable to housekeepers—sells at sight—very large profits to agents. Write today. Fuller Brush Co., 52 Hoadley Pl., Hartford, Ct.

Good Chance For One Man Or Woman In Each town to make big money distributing free circulars and taking orders for concentrated favoring in tubes. Permanent position. J. S. Ziegler Co., 445-K Dearborn St., Chicago.

Better Light For 1/5 Cost Of Electricity. Suit-able for Home or Office. Easy to install, no experience necessary, big demand. Write for Free catalogue. Doud Lighting Co., 175-L, N. Sangamon, Chicago.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our Gold And silver letters for Stores and Office windows, easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Agents—Grab A Automatic Foot Scraper Is Some-thing that is needed in every home; also to handle our other specialties. Big commissions. Victor M. Grab & Co., 689 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.

Manager Wanted In Every City And County to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

Agents Wanted—Latest High Grade Sanitary specialty. Every home, hotel, factory and office buys on sight. Soon pays for itself. Big profits. Write today. The Watrous Co., 1655 Fisher Bldg., Chicago.

Pianos, Musical Instruments

Guaranteed Used Pianos. A Large Number Of fine instruments at exceptional bargain prices, many like new, exchanged for Kimball Player Pianos, thoroughly overhauled and guaranteed to be in splendid condition in every way. Examples: Briggs Upright, \$20; Colby Upright, \$30; Emerson Upright, \$110; Decker Bros. Upright, \$135; Schaefer Upright, \$140; Hines Upright, \$145; Fisher Upright, \$165; Whitney Upright, \$185; Chickering Upright, \$175; Hallet & Davis, \$190; Kimball Upright, \$220; Steinway Upright, \$275; Kimball Upright, \$275; Knabe Upright, \$175. We ship anywhere to reliable people on easy payment terms. Write Today For Complete List, Prices, and Terms and Beautiful Illustrated Musical Herald Free, and catalogue New Kimball Pianos. W. W. Kimball Company, 2394 Kimball Hall, Chicago, Ill.

Used Pianos Offer Biggest Values; We Sell Many good makes from \$125 up; delivery free, anywhere; easy terms; the "Pease" record for 69 years guarantees satisfaction. Write for bargain list. Pease Piano Factory, Leggett Ave., Bronx, New York.

Health Resorts

The Biggs Sanitarium, Asheville, N. C., Offers special advantages to invalids from the North during the winter. Select chronic cases—no tuberculosis. Up-to-date equipment, all rational methods. No drugs. Home comforts, moderate charges. Write for pamphlet.

Auto Instruction

Earn Big Money. Be A Chauffeur Or Repair man. We teach you at home and assist you to position. Best system, lowest prices. Free models. Write for free Book. Practical Aut. School, 115A Pearl St., New York.

Short Stories

Write Short Stories. Great Demand, Good Pay. Expert instruction by successful Authors. We'll teach you by mail. Free Booklet tells how. Address College of Authorship, Dept. C. W., San Francisco, Cal.

For the Photographer

Have You A Camera? Write For Samples Of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 237 Pope Bldg., Boston.

Investments

If You Have A Large Or Small Amount To Invest safely no investment will prove more satisfactory than our 65 First Farm Mortgages. Send for descriptive pamphlet "M" and list of offerings. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.

Duplicating Devices

You Can Make 50 Duplicate Copies From Every letter you write with pen or typewriter by using our "Modern" Duplicator, \$3.00 complete. Booklet Free. W. E. Durkin, Reeves & Co., 339 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Motion Picture Plays

Motion Picture Plays Wanted. You Can Write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Ann'd M. P. Schools, 674 P. Sheridan Road, Chicago.

Free—To Any Short Story Writer. Little Inspira- tional book by big author. Edition limited. Phillips Studio 44DC, 156 Fifth Ave., New York. Send 10c for "Complete Story Market."

Learn To Write Photoplays. Easy And Fac-inating way to earn money in spare time. Big demand. Producers pay \$25 to \$100 each. Illustrated catalogue free. Authors' Motion Picture School, Box 1307, Chicago.

Ten Lesson Course Complete \$2.00 Teaches You how to write and sell photoplays. Free illustrated booklet. Mfrs. pay \$10 to \$100 a single idea. Penna Am'n, Heed Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. V.

Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 346 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Collections

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody." and thereby I collect over \$200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

Stamps, Coins, Curios

\$1.00 To \$1000.00 Cash Paid For All Rare Money to date. Many valuable coins in circulation. Get posted. Send stamp for large illustrated catalogue. It may mean much profit to you. You certainly have nothing to lose. Send Now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Health Culture

Vim Culture, A New System Easy Of Applica- tion. Complete instruction booklet with 3 months trial subscription to Health Magazine for 10c. Health Magazine Co., Dept. 671, Holyoke, Mass.

How to Entertain

Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dia- logues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces. Make Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 44, Chicago.

Instruction: Correspondence

Study Successfully At Home. Branches To meet almost every need. Our diplomas honored in 25 colleges and state normals. Write today. Interstate School, 615-623 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Agents Wanted

Vacuum Cleaner Agents. Here It Is! Absolutely new design in wheel-operated, powerful bellows vacuum cleaner; new visible nozzle; exclusive appearance; sells quick at \$7.50. Write for particulars about money-back guarantee now. Duxy Company, Box 400, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents And Salesmen Wanted To Represent the largest manufacturers in the world of "Novelty Signs," Changeable Signs, Window Letters and Sign Makers. 5000 varieties. Enormous demand. Big profits. Catalogue free. Sullivan Co., 1235 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Kerosene (Coal Oil) Self Heating Iron. Brand new. Absolutely safe, odorless. A winner. Every home needs it. Low priced. Big profits. Your territory open. Thomas Iron Co., 117 Neal St., Dayton, O.

Agents—You Can't Afford To Accept Ordinary proposition while agency for Guaranteed Aluminum Cooking Utensils is open. Answer quick. Protected territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Div. X, Lemont, Ill.

Agents In Every City To Handle Our Triplex Folding Handbag; big profits, exclusive territory; write for terms and free catalog; other big sellers. S. B. Diamond & Bro., 35 West 21st Street, New York City.

Agents—Good Pay And A Steady Job. Take orders for our fine quality made-to-measure suits. Easy to sell. Low prices. Big profits. Write now for free outfit. Chicago Tailors Ass'n, 540 So. Market St., Chicago.

Wanted—Live Agents To Sell Eureka Steel Ranges from wagons on notes or for Cash. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for Catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., O'Fallon, Ill.

Theodore Roosevelt Is Again Writing For Scrib- ner's. Magazine subscription solicitors can earn big commissions. Inquire Desk 1. Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Ave., New York.

Agents. We Teach You How To Make Money. Gold Sign Letters put on with Roller. Cost 2c. Sell 25c. Mounted Samples free. Embossed Letter Co., 231 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Convex Portraits, Frames And Glass. You Can better your present salary by selling our new line of portraits. Catalog, samples and particulars free. Established 14 years. C. Culver Art & Frame Co., Westerville, Ohio.

Salesmen—Working For Us Means Cash In Your pocket every day; Household Devices; duplicate orders; profits big, experience unnecessary. Write immediately. Specialties Supply Co., 31 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sell Hosiery; Guaranteed Against Holes Or New hose free; build a permanent trade; big profits; experience unnecessary. International Mills, Department 1, West Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents—Double Your Income Selling Guaranteed knit goods for largest manufacturer in America. Established 30 years. Complete outfit free. Madison Mills, Dept. 4A, 454 Broadway, New York City.

Agents Wanted For Our Sanitary Brushes, Dust- less mops, and dusters. Large sales, big commissions. Write for particulars. Do it now. Bradley Brush Co., 401 N. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

Absolutely Free For 30 Days Only. One Dozen guaranteed U. S. Fire Extinguishers with order for three dozen. Special offer to one representative in each section. United Mfg. Co., 1011 Jefferson, Toledo, O.

High-Grade Salesmen

Wanted. Live Man To Take Charge Of State Agency to represent a manufacturing company that has a big new business necessity just completed. Every state in the union open. A wonderful opportunity for a man who has sufficient capital to make an initial investment and has the ability to organize and manage a selling company. We want sales managers who are capable of earning \$3,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year and for such a man this is a wonderful proposition. The Woodlawn Fixture Company, 537 North Sixth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Salesmen—We Will Pay You Well. Hardenburg's famous line of Leather Goods, Diaries, and other Advertising Specialties. Product of thirty years' experience. Easy sales, satisfied customers, big commissions. A serious offer for hustling salesmen. No canvassers. H. B. Hardenburg & Co., 67 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Income Insurance; Something New. Liberal, low cost policy issues to men or women, ages 16 to 70, guarantees an income of \$25 weekly for sickness or injury, \$5000 Accidental Death. Annual cost \$10. \$2000 Accidental Death, \$15 wily for sickness or injury. Annual cost \$5. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exch., Chicago.

Traveling Salesmen. Good Side Line. Free Pocket Sales Outfit. Easy seller. Merchant guaranteed against loss. We pay express and take back unsold goods. Our promptly paid commission pays your entire traveling expenses. Harvest season now on. Write quick. Temby Jewelry Co., 2005 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Salesmen Making Small Towns, Whole Time Or side line, should carry our selling pocket side line. Special sales plan allowing return of unsold goods. Makes quick easy sales. \$4.00 commission on each order. Something entirely new. Write for outfit to-day. Burd Mfg. Co., 212 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made- to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from \$20.00 to \$22.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Salesmen—To Sell High Grade Havana Cigars to retail trade on liberal commission; either devote all of time or handle as side line; give full particulars about yourself in first letter; all confidential. Address "Factory," Box 303, Tampa, Florida.

Salesman—Capable Specialty Man. Staple Line on New and Exceptional terms. Vacancy now. Attractive commission contract, liberal advances for expenses. Miles F. Bixler Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Drug Salesmen Wanted To Sell A High Grade Line of toilet preparations as a side line. Liberal commission. Quick sellers. Established 25 years. Gervaise Graham, 25 West Illinois St., Chicago.

Wanted—Responsible Citizen Of Good Standing in every town to represent us permanently selling lighting and heating apparatus. Dignified, profitable business. American Gas Machine Co., 311 Clark St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Salesmen Who Know They Can Sell Meritorious land that will stand investigation. Splendid contracts for men who can make good. Car-fare allowed purchasers. Palm Beach County Land Co., Box 353, Stuart, Florida.

Come and Make Money in the Salt River Valley, Arizona

Here Uncle Sam has built the great Roosevelt Dam and is watering a farm for you. It is durable, fertile, easily worked soil, rich enough to enrich you. Twenty acres is enough, and rightly handled will put money in the bank rapidly.

Alfalfa pays surely and easily. It ripens quickly, cuts five or six crops a year, and sells for good prices. All conditions are favorable to it, and there's a demand right at home.

When you get to producing fruit, then you will be making the big money. The fruit here is of high quality, and you can put it onto the market early when prices are highest. Salt River Valley cantaloupes and strawberries reach the market in early March and bring \$400 to \$800 an acre. Oranges, peaches and olives take longer to come into bearing, but the results are worth the waiting, especially when you have these other crops to market meanwhile.

Sugar beets are money getters. They produce a heavy tonnage here, with high sugar content, and the premiums paid increase the profit.

Chicken raising and dairying pay well, and you will understand why when you see the prices Arizona miners pay for butter, eggs and poultry.

The Roosevelt Dam not only gives you water for irrigation—making crops certain—but the development of the electric power furnishes your light and power, and ultimately is expected to pay the entire cost of maintenance.

This is a valley of homes, with schools and churches. Land with water rights cost about \$100 an acre, but you will agree such land is worth it.

If you want to know more about the "Salt River Valley" write for our new Arizona folder. I'll be glad to answer specific questions, also tell you about the Homeseekers Excursions, the first and third Tuesday of each month.

C. L. SEAGRAVES, General Colonization Agent,
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
2343 Railway Exchange, Chicago

JOBS Agents Wanted

Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner, Carpet Sweeper style, straight from carpet sweeper manufacturers of 13 years' standing and world-wide reputation. Sells on 2 minute demonstration to any housewife. Runs easy as a carpet sweeper and like one. Write for agents' terms. National Sweeper Co., 410 Laurel St., Torrington, Conn.

Agents—Get Particulars Of One Of The Best Paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make big money. Send postal today for particulars. E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 6730 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A Fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 10,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 474, Chicago.

Kwik Flesh Cleaner, Big Profits, Easy Sales, wonderful invention. Removes dirt, grease or stains without soap or water. Every housewife, motorist, actor, or machinist buys when shown. Write to-day. Kwik Mfg. & Distributing Co., Dept. 168, People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo China Plates. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples and catalog free to agents. 30 days' credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk P8, Chicago, Ill.

Big Money Daily To Agents Who Are Hustlers selling our new and "anappy" line of goods. New sales plan. Our reputation and big capital backs you. Protected territory. Wm. J. Dick, Mgr., Dept. C8, Chicago.

Wanted Good Men Or Women To Sell The Latest Cadillac Combination Vacuum and Carpet Sweeper. Big profit. Also electric cleaners. Prices, territory on request. Dept. 1, Clements Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Become Our Local Representative. We show you how to turn your spare time into a steady and profitable income. Samples free. National Dress Goods Company, Dept. 14, No. 8 Beach Street, N. Y. City.

Agents. Here's A New, Better Dust Mop. Its marked superiority interest every housewife and easy sales come quick. Big money. Why not get our profitable proposition at once? Dearborn Duster Co., Dept. C3, Chicago, Ill.

Patents

U. S. And Foreign Patents. Free Book And opinion as to patentability. Joshua R. H. Potts, Patent Lawyer, 8 Dearborn St., Chicago. 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. 805 G St., Washington.

ticed it meself. But to get back to me illustration: Here is a roll of gold coins. I break the wrapper wid a clip on the table. That's one motion. I empty it and scuff the coins into me left hand—which makes six motions. Though I'm hardly as graceful as Mr. Killum, I admit. Now I juggle the coins into a stack in me left hand while I reach for a new wrapper wid me right. So far the deal is off the top of the pack. But Mr. Killum reached twice, do ye mind that? An' the second time he reached for a thousand-dollar bill. It was folded across the middle, as ye see—or rather as ye did not see, because ye were over there on the stool, wid me blabbin' at ye through the window. Well, the extra motion places the folded bill on the top side—which is also the inside—of the coin wrapper—my big fingers were made for bricks rather than this job—but anyway that's how the trick was done. When Mr. Dee opened the trunk an hour ago he found twenty-four thousand-dollar bills inside the same number of coin wrappers. An' 'tis God's mercy there were no more of 'em. He'd 'ave swiped the bank!"

MR. BABB'S eyes were wet with glad tears as he laughingly said: "You have a wonderful head on you, Jerry. I thank you more than I can say. Next time I promise to remember that 'tis hands that steal things."

"It has just come to me," said Mr. Dee, "why the fox left the bills in the wrappers overnight. He expected to exchange them for smaller denominations and cover his tracks in the course of to-day's business. But we'll save him the trouble, eh, Babb? Take care of yourself on your vacation. Window A is waiting for you when you return. And, Jerry, you spotted Mr. Killum's extra motion and deserve a reward. You have been promoted to the bank's detective force at five hundred more a year, and you may now make your first arrest. Your prospective prisoner has just stepped out of the locker room. He is coming this way."

COLLIER'S The National Weekly

VOLUME 52 NOV. 1, 1913 NUMBER 7

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated,
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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Real Bargains

A REAL example of REAL values is the recent sale of Whittall rugs at Wanamaker's in New York.

An explosion at the mills of M. J. Whittall on account of which a favorable purchase of their undamaged rugs was made by Wanamaker's, made it possible to offer the public some REAL bargains of which the following are but a few examples:

9x12 ft. Anglo-Persian Wiltons (fixed price \$60), \$36.75 now
9x12 ft. Anglo-Indian Wiltons (fixed price \$50), \$36.50 now
9x12 ft. Royal Worcester Wiltons (fixed price \$45), \$32.50 now

Here was a REAL excuse—legitimate and fair—for a REAL "Bargain Sale"; and the people who patronized this sale got REAL bargains for the goods were genuine and the price reductions were honest.

Furthermore the Wanamaker announcement contained many explanatory remarks such as this one:

"To protect their product from being pirated by cut-price stores and used as baits, the name Whittall is woven in every rug and dealers are held to an agreement to maintain a fixed price during the season.

"The only time a difference is authorized in the price is at the end of a season, when discontinued patterns are offered, or under some extraordinary circumstance such as brings these rugs into our hands now."

A. C. G. Hammesfahr.

No. 142

Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

AETNA-IZED?

WHEN some Engineer runs past a signal and many lives are lost in the wreck, that is the time to remember that railroad travel is not the most important hazard against which the average man needs accident insurance.

The AETNA Combination Policy

Furnishes Insurance Protection against the multitude of hazards every man runs every day.

\$3,250 Insurance for \$10

In extent and variety of protection this policy is exclusive and without a rival.

For \$10 a year (in "Preferred" Occupations)

THIS POLICY PAYS:

\$2,000 for death from Travel, Elevator or Burning Building Accident.

\$1,000 for death from Ordinary Accident.

\$2,000 for loss of limbs or sight as a result of Travel Accident.

\$1,000 for loss of limbs or sight as a result of Ordinary Accident.

The above amounts accumulate Ten Per Cent. each year for five years without additional cost.

\$250 FOR DEATH FROM ANY CAUSE (No Medical Examination Required.)

The Accumulations, Double Benefits and Life Insurance provided by this Ten Dollar Combination make possible the payment of \$3,250 at a cost of less than **THREE CENTS A DAY** in addition to weekly indemnity for total or partial disability from accident.

SEND IN THE COUPON TO-DAY

Aetna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341) Hartford, Conn.

I am under 55 years of age and in good health. Tell me about AETNA Ten Dollar Combination. My name, business address and occupation are written below.

All Food Products served in the Hotel Imperial are certified under the Collier's Weekly-Westfield standard of Purity and Nutrition. They contain no Benzoate of Soda, Coal Tar Dyes, Etheral Flavors or other objectionable preservatives, and no bleaching compounds.

PRIVATE OFFICE
COPELAND TOWNSEND, MANAGER.

HOTEL IMPERIAL
BROADWAY & 32ND STREET
NEW YORK
ROBERT STAFFORD.

CABLE ADDRESS "IMPERIAL"
TELEPHONE 6100 MA

Collier's Weekly,
416 West 13th Street,
New York City, N. Y.

October 8th, 1913.

Attention Mr. Sturges Dorrance.

Dear Sir:

We have accepted as a buying code the Collier's Weekly-Westfield standard of purity and nutrition.

The Foods used in the Hotel Imperial do not contain benzoate of soda, coal tar dyes, etheral flavors, or other harmful preservatives. We do not serve products that are bleached with compounds of sulphur or colored with sulphate of copper.

Our stock rooms are open to the inspection of members of your staff at all times. We are heartily in sympathy with the Collier's Weekly-Westfield movement for better food conditions.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT STAFFORD.

By
Copeland Townsend
Manager.

SCOTCH GRO...
PLOVER ...

New string beans in cream
Fried tomatoes, Philadelphia
OYSTER BAY ASPARAGUS
FRENCH ASPARAGUS
AU GRATIN
AU GRATIN



uniere . . . 60	*English sole . . . 1 25
h . . . 40	STRIPED BASS . . . 50
sauce tartare . 50	SALMON . . . 50
d oyster crabs . 65	Fried scallions . 50

A Really Pure Food Hotel

You know what goes into your food at home, but what can you possibly know of the foods that are served you in public places, — hotels, restaurants and clubs?

The appearance of any dish—its appeal to the eye is the goal for which chefs and stewards strive.

Vivid green peas or spinach colored with sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) deserts, pastry and ices brightly colored with coal tar dyes or doctored with ether flavors, pie fruits, mushrooms, etc., bleached with compounds of sulphur, jams and jellies, adulterated with cheap fillers, embalmed with benzoate of soda and colored with coal tar colors—look better to the eye of the patrons and take less from the pocket of the hotel management.

And so the fraud goes merrily on!

But business ethics change—men with courage and convictions set up new standards—blaze new trails.

The Pure Food Hotel is at last a reality — The Hotel Imperial of New York—the pioneer in its line. The letter above from Manager Copeland Townsend tells the story and the printed

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS. 11-1-13

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name

Street

Post Office

My Grocer

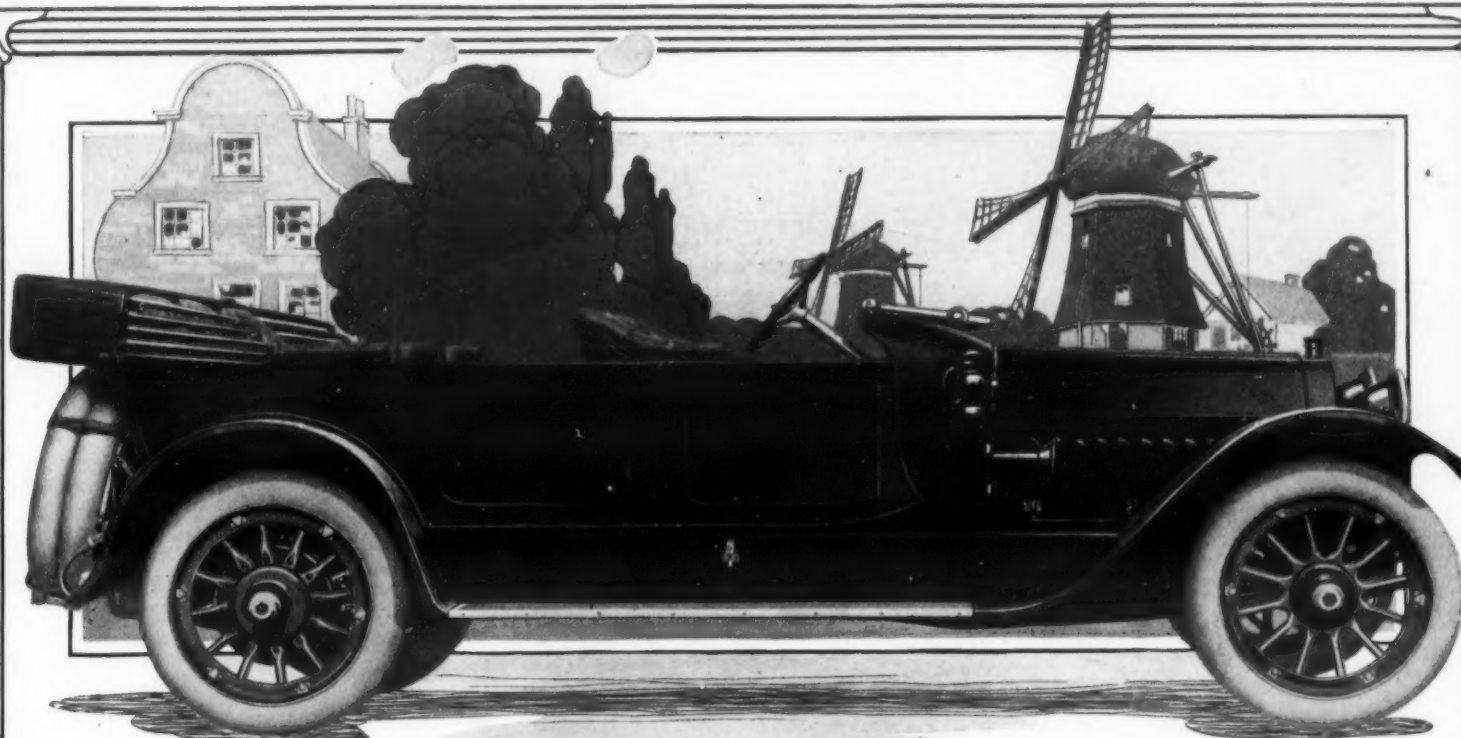
Address

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products



Established 1880
Incorporated 1899

\$2975

Oldsmobile
1914

\$2975

The Man Who Drives An Oldsmobile

is justified in that pride of ownership he cannot help but feel.

For Oldsmobile quality goes deeper than beauty of line, richness of finish, or completeness of equipment. The Oldsmobile gives you a feeling of stability and security at the first glance.

Look first at the lines of this "greatest of all sixes." Graceful, yet full of strength, quietly harmonious in every detail. Look closer; you have seen automobile bodies that would not bear close scrutiny. Not so the Oldsmobile. Our body builder, who has been with us over a decade, is recognized as the foremost specialist in this field—not only for originality and beauty of design, but because of the thorough Oldsmobile quality that is apparent in every detail.

The Oldsmobile six cylinder unit power plant (three point suspension)—for workmanship and finish can be compared to nothing except a high grade watch. For power,

silence, and flexibility there is nothing in the gasoline field with which we can make adequate comparison. It stands alone; the greatest six cylinder motor ever produced.

We make these statements in all sincerity—not in the spirit of using superlatives to create a false impression, but because we cannot modify our expressions and do justice to the 1914 Oldsmobile.

Visit our nearest dealer and prove for yourself that the Oldsmobile has no makeshift anywhere; it arouses in you the admiration that every well bred person has for genuineness—for quality—for refined luxury that bespeaks good taste.

Combination 4 or 5 Passenger Phaeton, touring body type \$2975
Seven passenger touring body \$175 extra
Limousine \$4300

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8